

PUNCH AUGUST 2 1961

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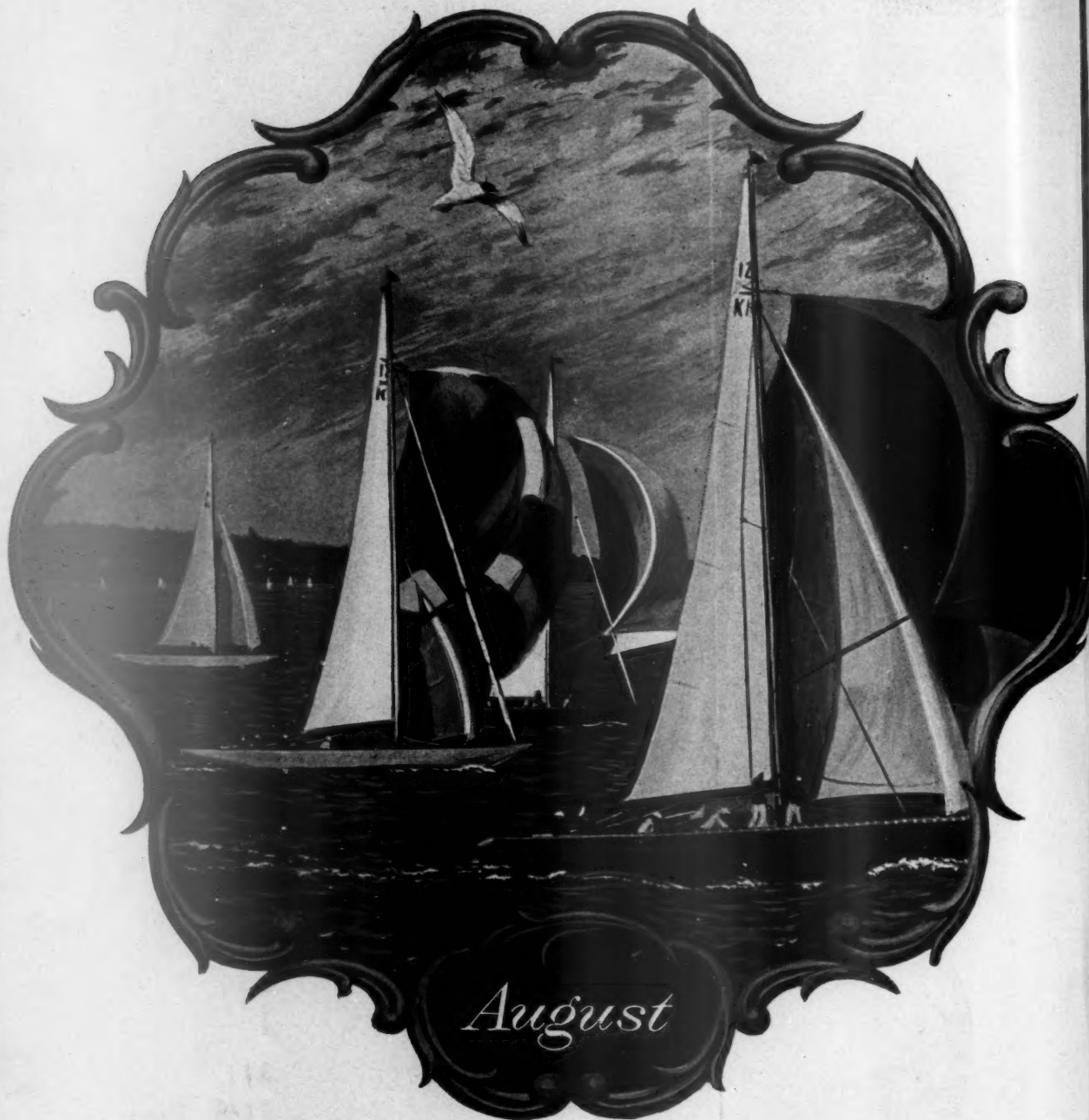
Punch



The English Scene

Painted by John Leigh Pemberton

COWES WEEK



IT IS AN INTERESTING COMMENT on our changing social scene that nowadays the number of people who participate actively in some form of game or pastime exceeds those who favour the more passive role of spectator. Nowhere is this trend more evident than in the greatly increased interest shown in sailing clubs and sailing—an activity which has its highest expression later this month in Cowes Week. This, without doubt, is a magnificent occasion. But, fortunately for most of us, it is not necessary to own a 12-metre boat in order to enjoy a sailing holiday. Neither is it obligatory to set sail for the Solent. Our coasts and rivers abound

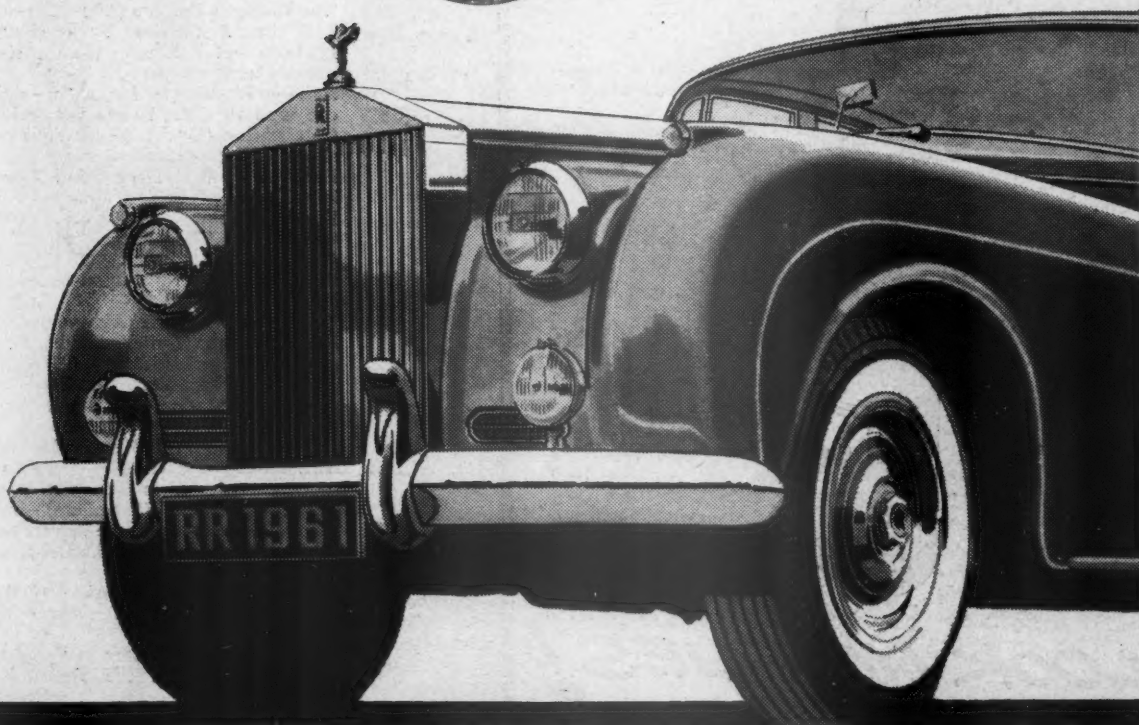
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THE LONDON CHARIVARI



All the listings are based on the latest information available the time of going to press.

THEATRE

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)



The Amorous Prawn (Piccadilly)—old-mode hearty comedy, funny in places. (16/12/59)

As You Like It (Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford)—good production, with Vanessa Redgrave a memorable Rosalind.

Becket (Aldwych)—a winner by Anouilh, well acted. (26/6/61)

Beyond the Fringe (Fortune)—four ex-undergraduates very funny in original revue. (17/5/61)

Billy Liar (Cambridge)—newcomer Tom Courtenay in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty. (21/9/60)

The Bird of Time (Savoy)—well-acted first play that fails to come to much. (7/6/61)

The Bishop's Bonfire (Mermaid)—O'Casey.

The Bride Comes Back (Vaudeville)—the Hulberts and Robertson Hare in simple-minded comedy (closes August 2).

Bye Bye Birdie (Her Majesty's)—satirical American musical, Chita Rivera wonderful. (21/6/61)

Celebration (Duchess)—facetious north-country slice-of-life, minus a plot. (14/6/61)

Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be (Garrick)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna. (17/2/60)

Goodnight, Mrs. Puffin (Strand)—few comic clichés remain unturned. (26/6/61)

Hamlet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—poor production. (19/4/61)

The Hollow Crown (Aldwych)—August 3-5.

Irma la Douce (Lyric)—low-life French musical good for the sophisticated. (23/7/58)

The Irregular Verb to Love (Criterion)—another witty domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams. (19/4/61)

Jerome Robbins' Ballets, USA (Saville).

King Kong (Princes)—spontaneous but rather amateur musical from South Africa. (8/3/61)

Let Yourself Go! (Palladium)—revue. Harry Secombe lovable and Eddie Calvert loud. (31/5/61)

Luther (Royal Court)—John Osborne's new play with Albert Finney.

The Merchant of Venice (Old Vic)—very honest production with exciting Shylock and Portia. (7/6/61)

The Miracle Worker (Wyndham's)—Anna Massey brilliant in the Helen Keller story. (15/3/61)

The Mousetrap (Ambassadors)—the nine years wonder. (16/12/52)

Much Ado About Nothing (Stratford-upon-Avon) disappointing production. (12/4/61)



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The Music Man (Adelphi)—slick dancing in dull treacly American musical. (22/3/61)

My Fair Lady (Drury Lane)—still a good musical. (7/5/58)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad (Lyric, Hammersmith)—muddled rag of *avant-garde* dramatists. (19/7/61)

Oliver! (New)—exciting British musical from *Oliver Twist*. (6/7/60)

On the Brighter Side (Phoenix)—witty revue with Betty Marsden and Stanley Baxter. (19/4/61)

One For The Pot (Whitehall)—New Farce.

One Over the Eight (Duke of York's)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue. (12/4/61)

Poetry at the Mermaid (Mermaid)—modern verse read by modern poets.

Progress to the Park (Saville)—alice-of-life about religious bigotry in Liverpool. (10/5/61)

The Rehearsal (Globe)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted. (12/4/61)

Richard III (Stratford-upon-Avon)—lightweight but effective production, with Edith Evans, and Christopher Plummer dashinglly dotty. (31/5/61)

Romeo and Juliet (Old Vic)—verse smothered in Italianate production. (12/10/60)

Ross (Haymarket)—Rattigan's fine study of T. E. Lawrence. (18/5/60)

The Sound of Music (Palace)—tunes the best thing in a very sentimental American musical. (31/5/61)

Stop the World, I Want to Get Off (Queen's)—Newley's patchily good musical satire.

The Tenth Man (Comedy)—ends August 5.

Twelfth Night (Old Vic)—patchy but interesting production. (26/4/61)

Watch It Sailor! (Apollo)—ends August 5.

Wildest Dreams (Vaudeville)—New Slade/Reynolds musical coming August 3.

The World of Suzie Wong (Prince of Wales)—ends August 5.

Young in Heart (Victoria Palace)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable. (4/1/61)

You Prove It (St. Martin's)—new comedy. (5/7/61)

REP SELECTION

Dundee Rep. **The Seagull**, until August 12.

Colchester Rep. **The Private Secretary**, until August 5.

Bromley Rep. **Murder at the Vicarage**, until August 5.

Playhouse, Salisbury, **Your Obedient Servant**, until August 5.

Wmby

Time and Tide wait for no Woman

ONCE UPON A TIME would-be bathers actually pursued the sea—in horse-drawn machines. They make lighter of it now, on the surface. Underneath, the summer hunt for salt water and all that goes with it is just as serious.

This, of course, is why so many people pick on the Mediterranean. At least, as they lavish their money on a few weeks of a life that millions of sand-flies have for ever quite free, they are sure of not having to wait for the tide. But how much certainty is there about anything else?

Thousands of pre-holiday pounds go on travel tickets to the sun and glasses and lotions *against* the sun. But time won't stand still if the sun doesn't play. Other sun-seekers will, however, if you time your sun-search with hot fashion. The warmth of a slim gold Rolex Oyster on a slim tanned (or untanned) wrist is a real eye catcher. And nothing beaches better in all climates, emotional too, than a very expensive waterproof watch!

But a Rolex doesn't only look superb. If the sun is out and you're happy on the sand, with a great big umbrella and a fast ripening tan, so is your Rolex. A Ladies' Rolex Oyster is absolutely sand-proof. As things get hotter and you go in the sea, your Rolex goes in too. 100% waterproof in its unique Oyster case. And when your holiday gets as good as it can be and time does seem to stand still? Your Rolex Oyster Perpetual will go on in spite of it, because it winds itself.

This is the moment when the man in your beach life will surely say, "Two Rolexes are better than one." Whether this means he wants to give you another one or is just pointing out that his goes well with yours is anyone's guess. But, of course, if you have the Rolex you'll find out the answer!

CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)



The Absent-Minded Professor (Studio One)—Enjoyable, amusing Disney, with Fred MacMurray as the Professor who discovers gravity-resisting "flubber." (21/6/61)

Ballad of a Soldier (Curzon)—Russian: a young soldier's journey home in war-time. Minor but unusually entertaining. (14/6/61)

Ben-Hur (Royalty)—The old faithful spectacular: chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59)

Breathless (Academy)—French (*A Bout de Souffle*): petty crook on the run, stealing, bashing, loving unpredictably. Very "new wave," but entertaining even for lowbrows. (19/7/61)

By Love Possessed (Odeon, Marble Arch)—Glossy, school of *Peyton Place*; sexual and financial scandals in small-town high life.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE V

A Cold Wind in August (London Pavilion)—Reviewed this week.

La Dolce Vita (Berkeley)—The sweet life in Rome, on every level. Very loose and episodic, variously entertaining and shocking; basically moral. Not yet dubbed—*verb. sap.* (21/12/60)

Duel in the Sun (Cameo-Poly)—Revival of the steamy, bloodstained Western first shown here in 1947.

Eroica (Academy, late night show)—Polish: two separate stories (one amusing, one serious, both impressive) about the Warsaw Rising of 1944. (26/7/61)

Exodus (Astoria)—Long (3 hrs. 40 mins.) spectacular account of what preceded and followed the birth of Israel in 1947. Action stuff good, character conventional. (17/5/61)

Gone With the Wind (Coliseum)—Back again after twenty-one years, and still effective.

The Guns of Navarone (Columbia)—Six assorted saboteurs spike German guns on a Greek island. Noisy, violent, visually fine adventure-story. (10/5/61)

The Keepers (Jacey in the Strand)—French (*La Tête contre les Murs*): unhappy story of life in a mental hospital, implied plea for more enlightened treatment.

The Kitchen (International Film Theatre)—From Arnold Wesker's play; most effective in its fun and character, least in its philosophizing. (26/7/61)

Let My People Go (Academy)—26-minute documentary about apartheid, impressive in spite of technical shortcomings. (19/7/61)

Moderato Cantabile, or Seven Days . . .
Seven Nights (Paris-Pullman)—Peter Brook's French film: the story of a love-affair subtly implied. (19/7/61)

On the Double (Plaza)—Danny Kaye as a GI in a story contrived so that he can do his British imitation over and over again.

La Récréation (Gala-Royal)—Françoise Sagan story: American girl (Jean Seberg) at school in Versailles has an affair with an older man. Rather obvious.

Search for Paradise (London Casino)—Cinema in Ceylon, the Himalayas, Kashmir, Nepal; hearty Lowell Thomas commentary.

South Pacific (Dominion)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7/5/58)

Spartacus (Metropole)—Spectacular "epic" with Kirk Douglas as a gladiator; blood, violence and colour in the arena.

St. Tropez Blues (Cameo-Royal)—French youngsters on holiday. School of *Les Tricheurs*; emphasized with colour and jazz.

A Taste of Love (Compton)—French (*Les Grandes Personnes*): a young-girl-grows-up piece, with Jean Seberg involved in an emotional triangle. Some good atmospheric scenes.

The Virgin Spring (Curzon)—13th-century story: innocence defiled and avenged. Ingmar Bergman at his most symbolic. (14/6/61)

Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea (Carlton)—Science fiction in colour and CinemaScope; roaring spectacular nonsense with unintentionally funny lines.

Whistle Down the Wind (Odeon, Leicester Square)—Reviewed this week.

SHOPS

From August 3 to 26 is "Buy British" time at **Harrods**, with British merchandise featured throughout the store. Craftsmen, including silversmiths and leather-workers, will be seen at work in the Central Hall, which is to be transformed into a fifteenth-century Baronial Hall complete with replica furniture. Authentic armour will also be displayed.

The new "21 Shop" at **Woollands** is now open. Aimed at the 17 to 25 year age group from both financial and fashionable viewpoints, this offers clothes for all occasions. **Harvey Nichol's Little Shop** accents casual clothes with their Italian cotton slacks in various designs, Italian hand-painted skirts and cotton shirts, and colourful Swiss shirts. **Hardie Amies Boutique** in Savile Row now has exclusively designed blouses in most materials including chiffon, pure silk and light wool. A large range of costume jewellery is also available. Burlington Arcade jewellers **Richard Ogdens** have just opened a special Ring Room which offers a wide selection of wedding rings. **Garrard's** keeps in the field with up-to-date designs in gold bracelets and watches. Just introduced are their small silver candle-holders and silver-plated taper sticks.

New in the Nursery Department at **Heal's** are fibreglass children's tables and chairs in different designs and colours, suitable for outdoor or indoor use. Latest addition to the China Department are small cane-handled yellow jars, and dishes, from Israel. **Maples**, on the china side, offers the recently designed Poole pottery ovenware, Susie Cooper earthenware dinner and tea sets in new summer patterns and a Hammersley bone china dinner service.

There is a preview of ladies' Autumn shoes in the Wolsey Hall of **Bentalls** of Kingston from August 1 to 4.

MUSIC

Royal Festival Hall. August 2, 3, 4, 8 pm, August 5, 5 pm and 8 pm, London's Festival Ballet. *Swan Lake* (Act II), *The Witch Boy*, *Bourrée Fantasque*. August 6, 6 pm, *Othello* (ballet film), 8.30 pm, *The Queen of Spades* (opera film). August 7, 5 pm and 8 pm, August 8 8 pm, London's Festival Ballet. *The Snow Maiden*. **Sadler's Wells.** Ballet Rambert, nightly at 7.30, Saturday matinee at 2.30 (until August 5). Revival of Offenbach's *Orpheus in The Underworld* opens August 14, for four weeks.

GALLERIES

Art Federation. United Society of Artists. **Canaletto.** Peter Berrisford and Robert Pell paintings (until August 8). **Chiltern.** Cantrell and Fayette Varney, South African paintings. **Gimpel Fils.** "Homage to the Square," paintings by Josef Albers. **Hanover.** Sculpture by Arp, Matisse, Moore, Picasso etc. **ICA.** "The Artist in His Studio": photographs by Alexander Liberman. **Marlborough.** "Some Aspects of Twentieth Century Art." **O'Hana.** Chagall. **Redfern.** Summer exhibition.



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have one
without
the other

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PUNCH

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Bernard Hollowood

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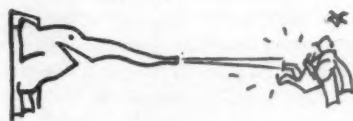


Charivaria

ALMOST exactly thirty years ago the country was trapped in an economic blizzard and the government of the day threw the weakest bargainers to the wolves. History, if Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's "little budget" may be so called, has repeated itself, and once more it is the salaries of the long-suffering public sector that will take most of the rap. Ever since 1931 British industry has been paying for the stupid victimization of the teaching profession: we are short of scientists, mathematicians, technologists and, of course, of the people who train them, rear them. Now it looks as though we are going to be even shorter. What was that about the need to increase our productive efficiency, our capacity to compete? What was that about long-term radical defects?

Deed of Derring-do

THE Headmaster of Highgate, talking about the initiative tests his pupils take after sitting for A level, proudly mentioned two competitors who "got into London Zoo and washed an elephant." It seems rather a come-down after A level. I suppose the



theory is that Chemistry or Greek or Economics are mere book-learning but washing an elephant is Real Life. The story leaves a good deal unexplained. Did the Zoo want the elephant washed? The phrase "got into" suggests they didn't.

Pick 'Em Up There

I SUPPOSE it is tradition that requires a fatigue party from a cavalry regiment to re-erect the jumps knocked down by riders at the International Horse Show. To be consistent, we ought to have soldiers acting as ball boys at Wimbledon (didn't Army



apprentices get a foothold there once?) and as linesmen or stretcher-bearers at League football matches. Then, before we know where we are, Lord Rank will have the Territorials handing round cards at Bingo.

Blocking Every Loophole

THE cause of a fire in a garage in Kilburn is said to have been a lighted cigarette carried by a pigeon. Here at 10 Bouverie Street we have been hurriedly installing additional ashtrays on the roof.

Thought for Earls Court

SOME of the critics of the selective boasting at the Soviet Industrial Exhibition, which anyway is disarming rather than irritating, seem to imagine that when Britain sends an exhibition abroad we illustrate housing from the Gorbals, discovery from the inventions of other nations and social welfare from pictures of convicts living three in a cell. I am all for letting the Russians get a kick out of making things instead of breaking them.



"Better be thinking about a job for him, hadn't we? It looks as though he's broken up for ever."

Full Housey-Housey

A PROPOSAL to run Bingo on Sundays in a repertory theatre has been considered. Why Sundays only? The drama needs all the help it can get and a fusion of the two arts could jerk the playwright out of his rut as well as stimulating the box-office. There is one ready-made cue; the time-honoured line gains contemporary value if it becomes "Anyone for Bingo?" and off you go into a session while the interval of three years is deemed to have elapsed without fall of curtain. Legs



"This is too much—transistors that float!"

Eleven teams with musical comedy opportunities and Kelly's Eye could whip up flagging interest in one of those tired Gilbert and Sullivan productions when Dick Deadeye comes on.

Music While You Chew

THAT illustrated news story of a byreful of Devonshire cows contentedly watching television provides a resistable temptation to an obvious social comment. Instead, let's just say that radio-music in cowhouses has been in favour for some time, and that this latest innovation is a cruel blow at one of the last strongholds of sound broadcasting. On the other hand, if they pause to think before they speak, it could take some of the self-importance out of TV performers.

More Echo-Chamber

AN important element in the "backing" for our pop vocalists appears to be a couple of crones on lease from *Macbeth*, ready to screech out "Yeah-yeh-yeh" at the droop of a pelvis. The vocalists themselves are becoming more and more squeal-prone, tending to yelp out half the lyric in a rasping falsetto. With the audience answering squeal for squeal, this must be yet another example of the if-you-can't-beat-'em-join-'em philosophy.

Ah, Sweet Mystery

DESPITE the baffling inanity of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's proposals, it is at least clear now why he took so long to make them. He was waiting for the schools to break up and the teachers to be safely on holiday.

No Window on the World

A NEW school science department has no wall windows, "to eliminate outdoor distractions from the students' view." This seems to cut out one of the most valuable aspects of education, the competition between outside and inside for the pupil's attention. If you make things too easy for teachers by providing nothing for the boys to do but listen to them, their urgency may drop. Think how having stained glass windows in churches instead of plain glass has been responsible for the low attractiveness of many sermons. An even more important objection is that once you shut scientists away from the

wild, green world they begin to think of people as statistics. How wise the warlords were to set down the original A-bomb physicists in a desert: if they had been in sight of a children's playground they would have struck.

Seller Beware

A YORKSHIRE television dealer who posted up names of 864 debtors, nearly half of them soldiers and airmen, seems to have caused a stir in Service circles. Traders have always been touchingly eager to supply goods on tick to men liable at a moment's notice to be posted 10,000 miles away. Not so very long ago, when a regiment arrived in a new town, the GOC would put an advertisement in the local newspaper "crying down credit," a custom which was criticized on the ground that it classed soldiers (though not, apparently, traders) as idiots. Some pique was caused, in commercial circles, a few years back when a Select Committee pointed out that the function of a commanding officer was to command his troops and not to collect debts from them.

Authorities Still Starchy

I WAS surprised to see that planning permission for houses near Southwell Cathedral will only be given provided that the residents' washing is kept out of sight. What year A.D. are we living in, I wonder? Visible washing as a lower-class symbol never had much to commend it, but in this television age, when washing is not only white but bright, and the free-blowing string of smalls on the next door line is a matter for doting looks and neighbourly confidences, it should take its rightful place as a badge of respectability. But planners may wish to suggest that their houses are occupied by persons of wealth—who can actually afford to pay the rates now charged by laundries.

Justice at Last

THE exacting and honourable profession of psychiatrist has taken plenty of hard knocks in its time, and it was refreshing to read a good word for its practitioners in a headline the other day: "WHEN THE YOUNG ARE LED TO SIN, A Psychiatrist is the Wrong Man to Guide Them, says Cardinal Godfrey."

—MR. PUNCH





PET AVERSIONS

3—SOCIAL BEHAVIOUR

By LORD MANCROFT

LORD MANCROFT, 46, married with three children. Barrister: after seven years in the Government left politics for commerce and is now a director of GUS. Still speaks in the House of Lords: recently introduced Bill to protect citizens' privacy from press intrusion. Chairman of Civic Trust Committee on urban re-development.

GILBERT HARDING used to work himself into a rage if he was offered margarine instead of butter. It was this preoccupation with trivialities, they said, that detracted from the roll of his thunder. He should have aimed at more important targets. I wonder.

I snarl, as you do, at the man who bangs me on the back and calls me by the wrong Christian name, though I accept with fortitude the news that he has already buried four wives. If tolerating bad manners be the test of good ones then I must start with Names. I wish I could be more tolerant of the mishandling of names. I suppose I have no right to object if some pimply page minces through the lounge of the Grand Babylon, bawling out my name above the sound of Musak. I wish, too, that I did not want to strangle the name-dropper. "As Enoch was saying only yesterday," or "Quintin told me this himself, but in strict confidence, of course."

The name-dropper is always with us but the political specimen is more tiresome than most because it so often turns out that he really is on those terms with Mr. Powell and Lord Hailsham. That only makes it worse.

The Press encourages the mishandling of names with its Cliff this and Margaret that and Tony the other. (Which Tony? Nutting, Armstrong-Jones, Hancock? The context must be studied carefully nowadays to avoid embarrassment.)

If Betty Brown marries John Smith I thought she became Mrs. John Smith. But no. Nowadays she appears as Mrs. Betty Smith with her age in brackets, whether this be relevant to the news or not. Of course, if John Smith becomes a Peer we move into lusher and more fancy fields. Not only will his age, probable or improbable income and all his Christian

names be recited in full, but his name will be followed by his family motto. This often proves to be embarrassingly inappropriate. If Lord Smith has the misfortune to be charged with driving on the wrong side of the road at two o'clock in the morning, then his family motto will prove to be "Safe and Sure." And if he is making a third and particularly bizarre appearance in the divorce courts then it's a guinea to a gooseberry his motto will be "Faithful unto Death."

I suppose, however, that it is on the telephone that our personal behaviour is put to the sharpest test. "Is that Lord Mancroft? One moment please, I have a call for you." Dead silence for thirty seconds. Then another and even more impersonal female voice, "Oh, good morning Lord Mancroft, Mr. Splurde is calling you." "Then put Splurde on." More silence because the accursed Splurde has forgotten he's told his secretary to get Lord Mancroft on the line and has wandered off next door to tell the Sales Director his newest and dullest dirty story. (Splurde, by the way, is always photographed in the act of telephoning. That's to show he's important.) Other than replacing your receiver there is no easy cure for this particular discourtesy because it's all wrapped up in secretarial one-upmanship. Splurde's secretary isn't going to have her man waste a second of his time waiting for me to come on the line, nor, vice versa (and bless her little heart), is mine.

Of course, if Splurde does condescend to ring me up personally, he will announce himself as Jim (as if I know no other Jims) and he will do it at home and it will be either when I am in the bath or in the middle of dinner. Some sixth sense tells him how to judge the moment to a nicety. His sixth sense is acute. It is the other five that are deficient. My father had a useful formula for this sort of pest. "Tell Mr. Splurde," he would say, "that if he wishes to do something for me I will leave my Sole Dieppoise and come to the telephone. If, on the other hand, he wishes me to do something for him, will he please write and tell me what it is?" That usually puts paid to Mr. Splurde but, alas, I haven't my father's courage. Anyhow; even if Splurde



"The trouble, as I see it, is that our plastic spacemen are wearing obsolete suits."



"Not bad, really . . . sunny, but always a cold wind with it . . ."

does write, he'll probably fall into another category of aversion, the Proud Possessor of the Illegible Signature. This is not only Bad Manners but Unpardonable Conceit. You can best retaliate by cutting out the signature and pasting it on your envelope in return.

I once had the misfortune to serve on the staff of a general whose signature looked like a street map of Wolverhampton. I could usually decipher his handwriting after a time-wasting struggle, but on one occasion he wrote in the margin of a very important document what appeared to be the word "concubine."

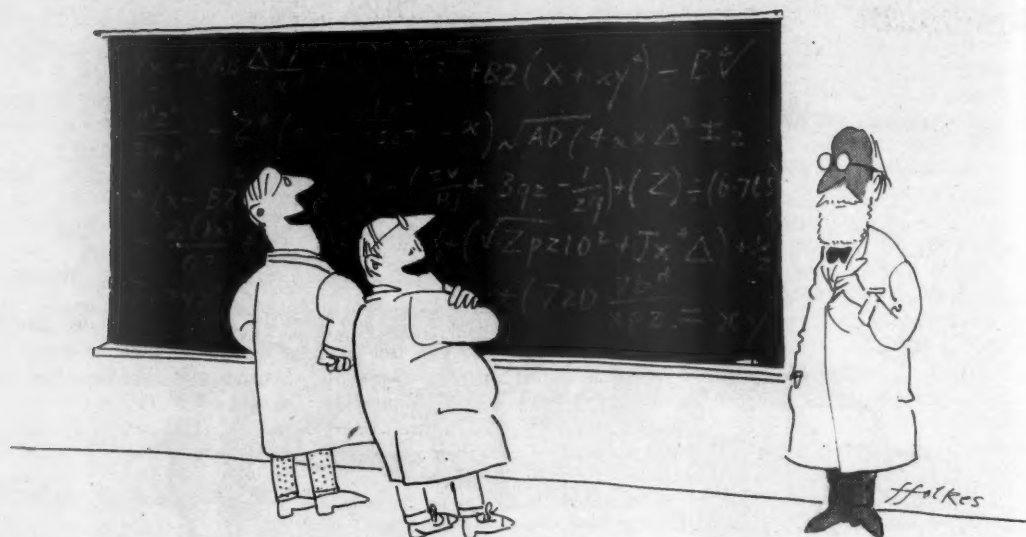
"Sir," I asked (always the conscientious officer) "Why have you written the word 'concubine' against this item recording the views of the Chiefs of Staff on the possible use of detachable pontoons at Chittagong?" He peered angrily at the spidery deposit and said "That word isn't concubine. It isn't a word at all. I had just refilled my fountain-pen and was testing it to see that the ink ran smoothly." He ended his war, I'm glad to say, as Garrison Commander, Reykjavik.

I have now successfully prevented Splurde from telephoning (not, you will note, 'phoning) or writing to me, but here he is, by golly, at the front door. Splurde is the kind of man you like better the more you see him less. He is, of course, late. His handshake is wet and clinging. He comes in bouncing apologies in front of him and expatiating on the state of the London traffic. He goes backwards and forwards

over this like an old woman darning a sock, as if he and nobody else had ever had it so bad. (I myself am a punctual person but I find that my punctuality makes me very lonely.)

He asks if he may use my telephone. He may, and does—at length. He needs, he tells me, a drink. I was actually going to offer him one. He asks for a Bloody Mary. Vodka is the one thing we haven't got in the house. It would be. The Splurdes of this world always ask for something we don't happen to have. He puts up with second best. Graciously, he drinks our health. (Cheers! Bangers! Down the hatch, or worse.) He then puts the glass down on the best piece of furniture in the room. It leaves an obscene little ring which we shall not discover until it is too late to obliterate the damage. He takes from his too well cut suit a too well engine-turned cigarette case and offers us one of his own brand—specially made for me at Dunhill's, Old Boy, only two guineas a box. Why do the Splurdes of this world always operate in guineas? Why does Splurde assume that I have no cigarettes in the house and even if I have, that I don't know the right moment to offer them? The trouble is that I probably haven't and, not smoking them myself, probably don't. He drops the stub on the carpet and thoughtfully grinds it in.

Oh yes, and his dog. I'd forgotten that infernal Toto. Although the animal lobby is politically amongst the most tiresome and unscrupulous, I've nothing particularly against dogs, only their owners. Most dog owners, at least in London,



"Witty, Professor, very witty."

lose all sense of decency. They certainly lose all sense of smell; Toto gambols round our feet, swishing the Famille Rose off the table with his unhygienic bottle-brush of a tail, sabotaging all rational conversation with his persistent yaps encouraged by "There's a good boy—good dog Toto." Splurdge loves Toto for his advertisement value, but Toto strikes me as Ambassador and Envoy Plenipotentiary from the Farnham Sewage Works.

But Splurdge isn't really interested in me, he's only interested in Splurdge. That's the real basis of so many pet aversions. The word "you" doesn't enter Splurdge's vocabulary. He doesn't ask how I do and if he does he interrupts me and bears down upon me to talk about his lumbago, his girl at Heathfield (brilliant—sleeps in the bed in which Princess Alexandra slept), his useful coup with Norcross, his new Mark E Jaguar—sorry, Jag.

I bet that Jaguar's got a name. "Jenny the Jag" or "The Bomb."

My neighbour once had three Aberdeens named Tom, Dick and Harry. That was pardonable and is at least to be preferred to the pomposity with which pedigree bulls are christened. Fancy having to answer to the name of Entwistle Grand Trumpetor the Third. But cars just mustn't have names.

Nor must the Splurdges of this world park them permanently outside my house. I know all that stuff about the Queen's Highway and I know I have no more right to park my car in Montagu Square than I have to park a grand piano. But I resent the commuters from the Canasta Belt whose beastly cars block my front door daily from 9-5.30.

Last week I received a ticket for parking my own car outside the house in which I was born and have lived all forty-seven years of my life. The teenage policeman was polite and helpful. Where was the nearest place I could legitimately park the brute? Well, sir, Croydon Airport, I should fancy.

Another of my neighbours noticed that it was the same car parked everyday outside his house. He dealt promptly with his particular Splurdge. He put a match-stick into the lock of the car-door and chopped it off flush. When Splurdge returned and inserted the key, he drove the match deep into the mechanism of the lock and it took Messrs. Car Mart and their merry men two days to get the door off and on again.

This is effective, but of doubtful legality.

It is also bad luck on Mrs. Splurdge for whom I am beginning to feel a little sorry. She leads a rotten life. Splurdge is of course wildly unfaithful with what he undoubtedly refers to as little "bits" and "pieces."

Adultery, however, can hardly be classed as a pet aversion so perhaps we had better confer the benefit of the doubt. His household behaviour is tiresome enough even without that benefit.

He snores, he never remembers to shut the door, he never puts the cap back on the toothpaste. He leaves a newspaper looking as if he had read it behind an aeroplane propellor. He cuts bits out before Mrs. Splurdge has had a chance to read it. There's no greater test of mental control than picking up a newspaper that contains a hole without wondering what it is that has been cut out.

However, I expect she gets her own back by calling him Hubby.

I am trivial. I make much ado about next to nothing. I am sorry. But I am on the late Gilbert Harding's side, butter, margarine and all. It is the smallest of aversions that does the greatest damage. It is the little car chugging along safely in the middle of the M1 at twenty-nine and a half miles per hour that exasperates us into disaster; not old Splurdge in his Jag.

Beethoven the Great, the celestial Beethoven, wrote a piece called, "Rage over a lost penny." He was right.

Next week: Food and Drink, by Michael Frayne.

The Wälsch

By H. F. ELLIS

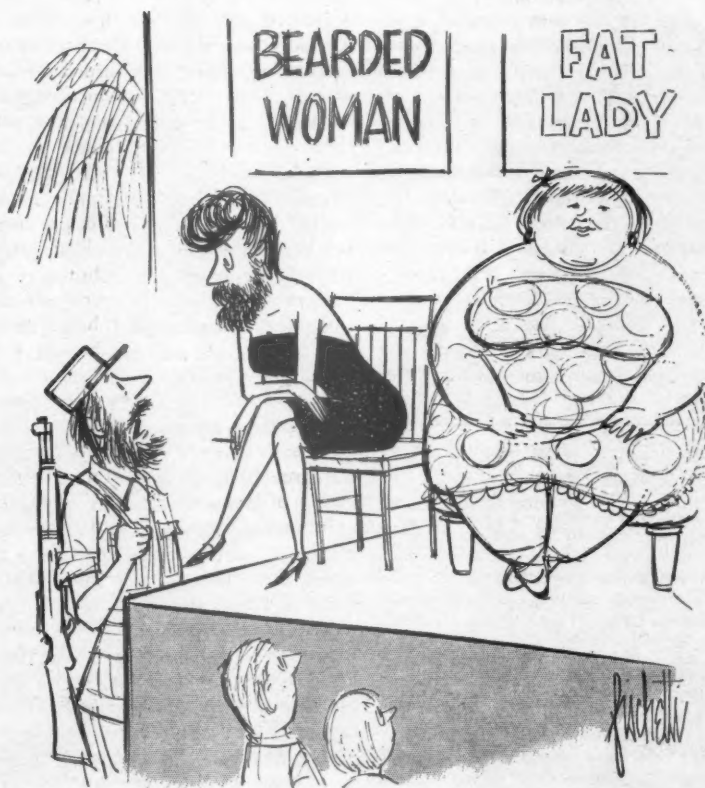
ONE seems to have read and heard a good deal about what the inhabitants of Castlemartin are going to think of the German troops soon to descend upon them. *Panorama* in a series of interviews shed its customary blinding ray of illumination upon the scene. (How is it they always hit upon an almost identical pair of women wherever they go: one to speak volubly, with a rich interlarding of "you knows," the other to stand by with clamped lips and an all-but visible balloon above her head inscribed "I knew how it would be. She'll talk all the time. I shan't get a word in edgewise"?) Upon the whole it looks as if Castlemartin is prepared to take the Germans as it finds them, being disinclined to hold directly responsible for Belsen and Auschwitz youngsters who were perhaps three years old when the war ended, or to echo the closely-reasoned cry of Mr. Silverman in the House of Commons that their arrival in Wales is somehow "an insult to the fourteen million people who died as a result of the war." At any rate, the general feeling appears to be, they'll bring a bit of extra trade to the place.

What I have not seen is any mention of what the German troops expect to make of the Welsh among whom they will shortly be quartered. I should like to have (preferably in translation) the replies of these young men to eager questions fired at them by the German equivalent of *Panorama* (literally, *Rundblick*, according to my pocket dictionary, or alternatively—and a little surprisingly—*Panorama*). It would be instructive, I think, and cooling to the blood—I believe it might even unboil Mr. Silverman—to observe the apprehension with which these young *Panzertruppen* approached their assignment in Pembrokeshire. Because I have the strongest conviction that the Welsh, to a German, must be far more strange, exotic and alarming than Germans could ever be to a Welshman. The very word Wales is from *Wealas*, "foreigners," the name given to the inhabitants of Britain by the invading

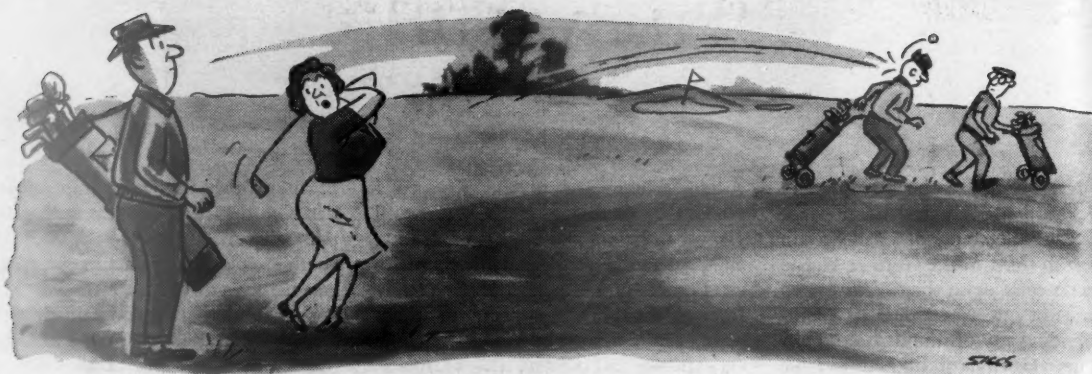
Anglo-Saxons, and to this day, so I read, the Germans apply the word *Wälsch* to habits and objects emanating from such utterly unGermanic countries as France and Italy. How utterly foreign then, in prospect, to these young soldiers must be Wales itself, the very home and centre, the fountain-head of Wälschness (or possibly *Wälscherei*). Will not their knees knock together within their panzers as they draw near to fabled Castlemartin?

They will have received much instruction, one need not doubt, given to them by professors in the thorough Teutonic way, about the history and habits of their future hosts; but it is hard to believe that this will have much relieved their anxiety. It is a curiosity

of the Welsh that it is impossible to describe them in such a way that their real charm emerges. Small, dark, voluble, volatile, argumentative chapelgoers, living in slate-roofed stone houses beneath rounded rain-drenched hills and rehearsing in song a history of resistance to invaders of all kinds unsurpassed in the world's story—this is not a picture likely to fire some twenty-year-old from Bavaria with eagerness to be on his way. You have to meet the Welsh, in Wales, to realize that warmth and friendliness are their basic characteristics. The German authorities would be well advised to attempt no previous indoctrination of their troops. But will they be well advised? They will not. I recall, with a chill dread,



"Fidel was wondering if you'd consider leading the women's militia?"



"Don't you dare tell me I took my eye off the ball that time!"

being told during the war that the Hornblower books were required reading for German naval officers, in order to acquaint them with the outlook and ethos of their opponents; and a vision comes to me of this battalion of tank trainees sweating their way by order, perhaps at this very moment, through *How Green Was My Valley* or, more likely, the five hundred pages of *Wild Wales: Its People, Language and Scenery*. The thought of George Borrow in German is alone enough to make the cause of NATO seem hopeless. The man's solemn impertinences, his flood of unsolicited information, would be in no way alleviated by holding back the verbs till the end. Wherever my copy of *Wild Wales* falls open—

"How old are you?" said I.

"Sixteen after sixty," said the old man with a sigh; "and I have nearly lost my sight and my hearing."

"Are you poor?" said I.

"Very," said the old man.

I gave him a trifle which he accepted with thanks.

"Why is this sand called the red sand?" said I . . .

I asked her her maiden name.

"Owen," said she, laughing, "which, after my present name of Jones, is the most common name in Wales."

"They were both one and the same originally," said I, "Owen and Jones both mean John."

I made the clerk, who appeared almost fit to be a clergyman, a small present, and returned to the inn. After paying my bill I flung my satchel over my shoulder, took my umbrella by the middle in my right hand, and set off for the Rhyadr.

—the conviction grows stronger that

Borrow is not the right preparation for a German visit to Wales. A tendency to ask direct personal questions on what seems to the British too short an acquaintance, and a willingness to volunteer information to others about their own affairs, are already deeply enough ingrained in the German character to need no help from books. I believe that the Borrow method of interrogation-cum-instruction would not endear the panzer men to the Welsh, even if followed by a trifle (*kleinigkeit? trinkgeld?*) and a tactful withdrawal with the rifle held by the middle in the right hand.

Even *How Green Was My Valley* might mislead. The people of south Pembrokeshire are not the people of the Rhondda, nor of any other part of Wales. Ever since Henry I planted colonies of Flemings at Haverfordwest and Tenby, eight hundred and fifty years ago, Pembrokeshire has been "different," a Little England beyond Wales. The Germans will do themselves no good if they try to apply their painfully acquired knowledge of the Welsh double-L to places within a mile or two of Castlemartin like Hårdingshill and Middlehill and Wallaston Cross; any attempt to put a "th" into Saddle Point will be equally mistaken. Nor must they fall into the opposite error of supposing themselves to be in England. Pembrokeshire is not really a little England beyond Wales; a little Wales beyond Wales would be more like it. The point is, it is *different, sui generis*—in a word it is Pembrokeshire. It breathes an air more peculiarly its own even than Cornwall's. The beauty of

its coastline, with its superbly arranged headlands and offshore islands, is breathtaking. Its people have the gift of belonging to themselves without resenting or diminishing the stranger. They do not seem suspicious even of the English: a fact that can hardly be put down to the arrival of some Flemings all those years ago. Perhaps the non-arrival of George Borrow had more to do with it.

But that is by the way. The point I am trying to make is that it is a waste of time for those Germans to attempt to learn about Pembrokeshire in advance. They can just consider themselves lucky.

☆

"MYSTERY DEFLATED
an Air Ministry spokesman said many people over Devon yesterday had been identified as a balloon."—*Lancashire Evening Post*

Indeed?

In next Wednesday's PUNCH
**THE COMMON MARKET
AND THE PRESS**

by

J.B. BOOTHROYD,

PETER DICKINSON

and

WILLIAM HEWISON

NEW REPUTATIONS

Arnold Wesker

by Richard Findlater

Letter to a Better

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

"Nobleman desires male paying guest in charming house . . . 4½ gns. per week—Write Box Y.1430"
—*The Times*

DEAR BOX Y.1430,—Pardon the style of address, but not knowing from your advert whether you are a Lord, Sir, etc.

Though male and requiring accommodation, and 4½ gns. about the mark I could pay, I would not wish automatic involvement with the Smart Set as a result of any arrangement come to, and would graciously ask, therefore, if my rooms would be s.c., should I decide on them? This is not from not wishing to mix with the Upper Classes, I am easy from the class angle, but I have had landlords before, and it is a

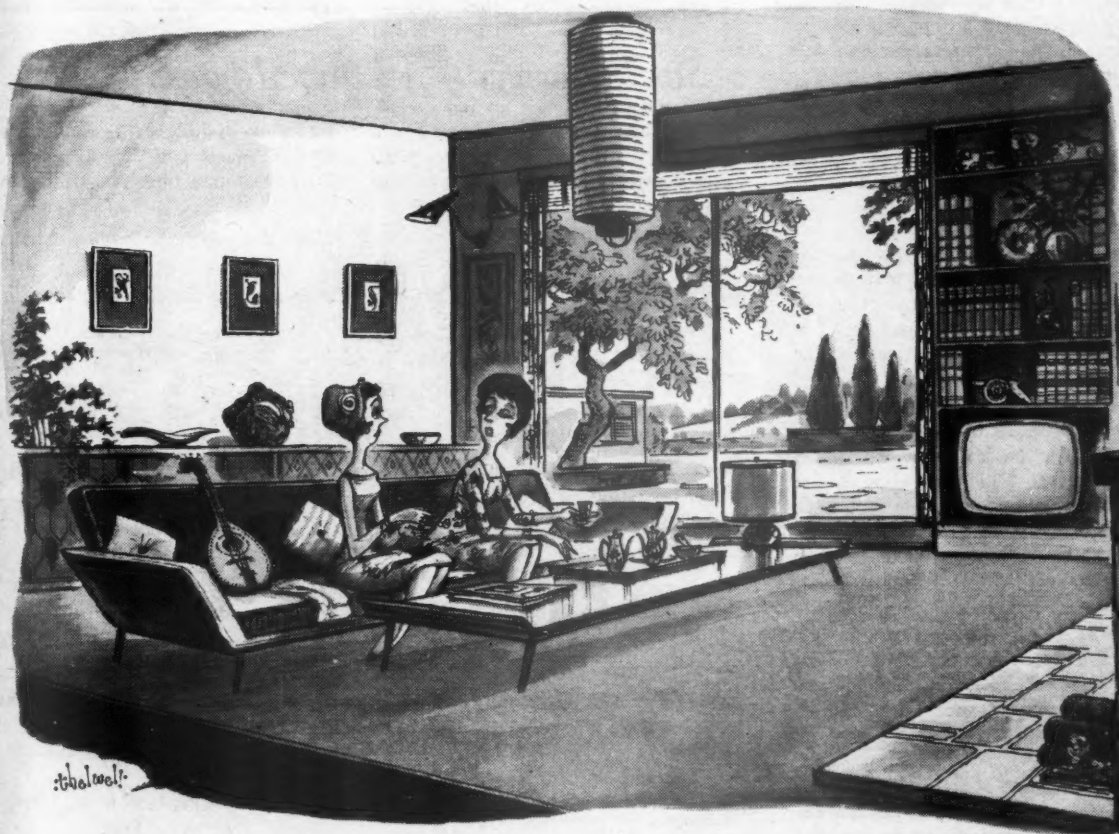
maxim that good terms are essential for a contented tenure of diggings. It would not do, as I see it, were I to keep passing through a dinner-party of yours on the way to the garden-shed, which I trust is an available amenity as I follow the hobby of match-box label collector with big albums laid out and gum-pots and filing systems requiring space of operation.

I do not know if you are interested at all in such a hobby. It is very interesting.

Furthermore, Sir, if not Lord, not knowing as I say, I do not aspire to be of a dressy or ornate turn, and in the event of perforced intermingling about the premises or grounds you might feel

out of place in your own home, you being in your ermine or what-not and me not on the average exceeding £8 per suit maximum, usu. at the sales and never bespoke yet though always hoping. It comes back to relations between us, cordial preferred, and none of that "O, I'll dodge into the buttery, here comes Mr. Snape with his sack-suit," not that a Gentleman like yourself would give vent, but might think it and your atmosphere's gone. I would not want explaining to your highborn friends after I had repaired to my Quarters.

I am indeed actually puzzled why you advertise Nobleman desires etc. and fear you may be setting your cap at your own sort as there seems no



"We shan't have colour TV anyway; it would simply wreck the décor."



point otherwise, though on the other hand if you had desired another Nobleman you would have said so, I would have thought, hence why I am encouraged to pen this reply. Also at 4½ gns. your demands are not such as to exclude the humble clerical worker, being a punch-card operative with Bransby's General Trading, five-day week meaning, I fear, middle-day dinner Sat. and Sun., I assume all found, but could have sandwiches Sat. if any objection.

My family, who never got into debt and died solvent, were great for keeping to your station, accounting for its descending down to me I daresay. But if you, with your Debrett's Landed Gentry, and that, and me not even in the telephone book so far, could forget class barriers under one roof I am game. I am clean-mouthed and play the harmonium, not likely to worry an establishment not boasting one, and accustomed to a bath Friday night or quick stand-up rinse Saturday morning would do if bathroom in use.

Bringing me further to graciously ask if you are a married or single nobleman as these are matters that can affect harmony, also if staff kept, you do not say. As to married or single, as I have been reading Lady C——'s L—— in paper-back, left on my desk in error and being in the news I had a dip in, and would not wish any complications of that nature, being content to get back of an evening to the match-boxes. Trust no offence given on this topic but an enquiry in advance when taking lodgings goes to forestall bad feeling at a later date.

As to staff, am short on experience of butlers, etc., and likely as not there's me taking a helping of veg. or apricots when being offered to the party ad-

joining, and in that case would much prefer own s.c. part, with gas-ring and my own bit of a fry-up or something out of a tin as needed.

Lastly, as I understand, noblemen's houses go in for house parties with dancing and all bedrooms occupied, but do not know if this is your line, as I would not want to come home

whacked from Bransby's and find the gentry overflowed in my bed-sit. Hoping for your esteemed assurances on these few points, and I could report for residence Sun. evening next if you think I would suit.

Honoured sir, yours very truly and would strive to please,

P. HERACLES SNAPE (Mr.)

Smell Barrier: A Council-house Ballad

"It's not the colour of their skins. Their cooking smells different."—An "ordinary Smethwick housewife" interviewed in the *Daily Mirror*.

I'VE played poker with Burmese underneath the gompas trees and been proud to call the little devils "friends."

With some amiable Chink I have often took a drink in a pub in old Pekin or Ponder's End.

Course, they're all our kith and kin, though the colour of the skin may be yellow, black or even bloomin' blue;

Ethiopians and such, Zulus, Riffs or Sino-Dutch, they are just the same inside as me or you.

But—just put 'em near a stove and its *gazi-pu*¹ by Jove, with your little woman screaming fit to die,

For it's curried lotus-buds that *they* eat, not boiled spuds, and the things they do to cabbage makes you cry!

If you've ever caught the smell of a *chakwalli-talel*² in a seven-storey block o' flats in Leeds,

When they slap it on the plate and your wife gets in a state till the perspiration's dripping down in beads,

Then you'll very quickly know sure as eggs is *dayat-row*³ that it's bloomin' 'ell and murder, there's the rub

We don't care a blessed pin for the colour of the skin, it's that flaming *notchi-koma*⁴ they call grub!

—J. E. HINDER

¹ *Sauve qui peut*.

² Pigeon, fried in goat's blood and sour milk, believed in the Midlands to be an Asiatic delicacy.

³ Eggs.

⁴ Hotch-potch.

Did You Get His Number?

By E. S. TURNER

SOME indignation, not perhaps cosmic, seems to have been caused by a report that a deserted wife who saw her husband driving a car in London and took its number was refused his address by the registration authority. She was told that, in the view of the London County Council, she had no "reasonable cause" for demanding the information.

Among the ribald, this may have revived memories of the music-hall joke about the girl in trouble. "Do you know the man's name?" she was asked; and her answer was "No, but I've got his motor-car number." Had this girl applied to the registration authority for further details, she too would have been disappointed. If the man had bashed her bicycle with his car, she would have been entitled to the information. As he had merely ruined her, she was not.

Behind all this there is an important

principle, not perhaps distinguishable at first sight: namely, that statutory powers granted for a specific purpose shall not be used to serve other purposes. The original reason for putting identification numbers on motor-cars was not to help women to get money out of men (and vice versa) but to assist the prosecution of road hogs. A motorist's number is both public and confidential. When a national newspaper began to publish the registration numbers of motorists who had been detected in acts of courtesy, a wave of nervousness afflicted those who, for one reason or another, would have been embarrassed if their courtesy had been publicly recognized. It is probably an exaggeration to say that the effect of this stunt was an outbreak of deliberately bad driving in Brighton.

The right of the public to apply for a motorist's name and address is enshrined in the Vehicles (Excise) Act,

1949 and the Road Vehicles (Registration and Licensing) Regulations, 1959. An applicant must first find the name of the council with which the car is registered (index numbers are identified in the AA and RAC guides) and then write showing "reasonable cause" and enclosing a shilling postal order.

This facility has existed since 1904, when motor-cars were first numbered, and it is worth recalling the scandalized outbursts which the proposal aroused among motorists. How intolerable that gentlemen were to be "numbered like felons," a prey to every foot-slogging informer! How unjust that a man should be forced to carry the means of incriminating himself! How un-British that police would be able to hide behind bushes and take numbers instead of stepping out like men to halt offenders and being bowled in the ditch! What vandalism to ruin a beautiful equipage with ugly metal plates front and rear!



"I ain't got nothing against darkies, but they don't live the same as us."

Until then road hogs had been subject only to facial identification, which many of them evaded with the aid of caps, scarves and goggles. The Member for Liverpool Abercromby, a Mr. Lawrence, thought it was not enough to make cars carry numbers. He tabled an amendment which said: "No person shall drive a motor-car on a public highway with his face so concealed as not to be reasonably identified."

Motorists are always yapping for justice, but they ought to be grateful for the efforts taken by registration authorities to preserve them from vexatious or frivolous inquiries. Not all councils interpret the regulations alike, but all will refuse applications for a motorist's name if the reasons given are unconnected with the use of the vehicle on the roads. They will give the information if they are satisfied that the driver concerned has been a party to an accident. As a rule, they will also give it if a driver persistently leaves his car blocking someone's front door; if he runs a second-hand van with the former owner's name still on it; or if he drives away from a petrol station without paying, but not (a fine distinction, this) if he leaves his hotel bill unpaid.

A council will almost certainly reject an application accompanied by such a reason as: "He threw a bottle out of his car and I want to tell him just what I

think about him." It will probably refuse a motorist's name to someone who wishes to apologize for his bad driving, though it may forward such an apology, at discretion, if it is submitted in an open envelope; and it may take similar action if someone wishes to congratulate a driver on averting a bad accident (not, perhaps, an everyday request). It will not assist the man who, having seen his former car on the road, is anxious to know how much the new owner paid for it (suspecting sharp practice on the part of his dealer). It will be most reluctant to put a man in touch with the owner of a registration number which, for personal reasons, he covets; though people seem to get hold of these numbers sooner or later.

Almost any council will look dubiously on such requests as "I think the driver is an old school chum of mine and I want to get in touch with him" (not all old school chums have a passionate desire to be reunited) and will reject all pleas by men and women who wish to renew chance encounters, romantic or otherwise. A girl who is driven home from a party by a potential mate, and is sufficiently impressed to note his car number, is no more entitled to be put in touch than the hitch-hiking student who wants to correspond with the two jolly girls from Glasgow who gave him a lift through Bavaria. If people do not, at the time, exchange such elementary

information as their names, it is scarcely for the officials of local government to repair the omission. Local government does not wish to give assistance to philanderers, home-breakers, blackmailers or, for that matter, IRA terrorists.

Nor is its function to stimulate private trade. At one time photographers at holiday resorts, when left with snaps showing motor-cars, would apply to be put in touch with the owners, in the hope of effecting a sale, but it is no longer customary to provide them with details. A man who sees an attractive bitch in the back of a car and wishes to know whether any pups are available must establish contact by direct means. It is more fun, anyway.

London County Council had 35,000 requests for information about motorists last year. Few of these had a romantic motive; the crude truth is that three-quarters of the inquiries were precautionary ones from hire-purchase organizations and car traders. A dealer who sells a car and receives only a couple of instalments from the buyer becomes understandably anxious to know whether it has changed hands, and a fee of one shilling is a modest price to pay for ease of mind.

The police are entitled to information about a motorist on demand and sometimes their requests to trace incomplete or garbled numbers involve an enormous amount of research. Private detectives are not entitled to any such privileges; if they call themselves sleuths, it is up to them to go out and do some real sleuthing.

Normally, people who have occasion to take motorists' numbers for traffic incidents pass them on to the police. Sometimes the results can be surprising. A man who had to jump for safety on a zebra crossing noted the driver's number and gave it to a policeman, but did not think he would hear any more of the matter since there were no witnesses. Three or four days later there was a knock at his door and an amiable young man said "I'm the driver who made you jump the other day and I've come to apologize." The police, evidently satisfied with his good intentions, had given him the name and address of the complainer. Which shows that a pedestrian's identity is not necessarily denied to a motorist.



"Watch it, Charlie! Think of dishes to wash, shelves to dust, floors to sweep."



"I've changed my mind. I think we ought to join 'em."

Ever Since Steerforth

By R. G. G. PRICE

One

"WILL I ever get to be friends with the rich, Mother?" I used to ask, looking up from Dickens's account of how Pip played at Miss Havisham's or Steerforth actually asked David Copperfield home.

Mother, who paid my school fees by giving conversation lessons to the families of new, raw millionaires, would encourage my hopes and tell me it was time to move on from Dickens to Scott Fitzgerald and would take me through *Brideshead Revisited* explaining the hard words. Often I would sit out in the garden under the magnolias with a store catalogue trying to get a good, clear idea of what the rich wore and ate,

while through the open jalousies would come my Mother's patient voice, "No, Mrs. Colletti, not 'Read any good books lately, huh?'" Even to-day, after so much has happened, she has never quite given up. Her last two presents to me were Aubrey Goodman's *The Golden Youth of Lee Prince* and William Styron's *Set This House on Fire*. But I have betrayed her by accomplishing only one real friendship among the young and splendid.

Two

When Walmer Kornvelt came to school he was unassuming enough, and if he hadn't used erasers with his name running right through and had his

signature woven into his undervest we should not have realized he was any different from the rest of us. He liked to come home with me and listen to our family chatter with a smile of amiable interest on his smooth, sweet lips while he leant against the walls of our decaying mansion and whittled them with a gold-hilted knife.

Once he said to me, "I can take your company, Greet. You're restful like some old armchair in a poem, half its stuffing gone and not much to look at but, all the same, somewhere to sit quiet before the violins start playing once more and it's time to continue the dance."

"Thanks a lot, Walmer," I said.

Three

I did not see much of him during my first year at College. Sometimes I'd glimpse him in one of the campus night cellars, calm, almost foetal, paying a heavy-lidded deference to some beautified, shrewd girl who realized as the evening wore towards dawn that she was never going to be Mrs. Walmer Kornvelt IV. He would sit surrounded by the cultured and the patrician, sometimes asleep, sometimes languidly explaining some point of metaphysics or mathematical physics or just plain physics. With the frictionless manners of the very rich he never picked up the tab but poked it across to the other men

in turn. He might have his private runway on the College airfield; but once off the tarmac he submerged himself.

One day I found him in the little wine-boutique that leant against the library between two flying buttresses. He was working through the vintages of the Sàone Valley and seemed in an unusually togetherly mood.

"Hiya, Greet, little man," he called across to me.

We sat trying bottle after bottle while he explained Chinese lacquer and Nietzsche's paresis and how to detect a forged papyrus. For a man who was never seen to read, his range of information was odd. It was nearly dawn before

we reached the end of the 1957 bin. We walked out into the night where the scent of the jasmine stung my nostrils like some paradisiac styptic and the fireflies played tag with the glow-worms and the sage brush reflected the salt hatreds of the unforgiving sea and the maraccas sounded in the distance and the earth turned.

Walmer said with a laugh that held all the iced grief of a maturity that had come too soon, "My Mother thinks you're a good influence on me, Greet, puppet-boy."

"Thanks a lot, Walmer," I said.

Four

Although I had known him for a long



"In the good old days this would have been over religion."

time, I was surprised when he invited me to his home for a vacation. My Mother missed me; but she had always dreamed of a life among the millions for me and she stifled her heartbreak and got down to sewing better labels into my suits.

The long, torrid days among the Kornvelt parks and woods and lakes and ranches and game reserves slid away as smoothly as buttermilk. We ate variously, drank learnedly, played plainsong and neo-Austrian jazz and discussed contemporary architecture, semantics and the Vatican; Walmer knew a lot of canon law. Sometimes he would saunter up when I was reading Kant or Hegel, glance over my shoulder and tear to pieces some sentence that had caught his eye. Sometimes we would quit our self-absorbed solitude and mix around with the other inhabitants of the vast, glittering chateau.

There was a gallery of Rembrandts and a gallery, which had been harder to collect, of celebrated Rembrandt forgeries. There was a theatrical company always ready; you rang a bell and in ten minutes they were tearing into *La Dame Aux Camélias*. There was a major-domo for those who liked major-domos and a drum-majorette for those who liked drum-majorettes. There were heirs to fortunes and titles and thrones. There were famous names from the history of Europe, including a complete French Cabinet of the late-twenties. There were utterly unknown actors and writers and scientists and judges. The Kornvelts did not need notoriety in their guests; an invitation draped them in acceptability. There were long, exquisite meals eaten amid refinements of protocol and smaller, more familiar repasts, a dozen men round a table taking their ease over half a dozen courses with a trio of bottles between two. There was an indoor oilwell. Anybody, vacationists, cousins, friends of friends of friends, passing Senators, could drop by and fill a jug or two from the gusher. It was ostentatious, perhaps, but, as I thought at that time, warm-hearted.

"Poor old Greet," Walmer would say sometimes, "struggling to keep a toe-hold up here. Aren't you ever tempted to give up and ask me to let you have one of my South Sea islands?"

Five

I had been a Bishop only a few



months and was just settling into the routine when I got Walmer's cable. It said he wanted to see me at once. The address was a castle in Saudi Arabia. He had always been interested in Arabic. It was most inconvenient; but I had never let a millionaire friend down yet. I found the journey tiring and expensive. Indeed, I had to sell out some stock to pay for it. As the plane forced itself over featureless sand or rather more featureful cloud, I wondered which Walmer I was going to meet. The golden boy with the careless, laughing charm? The tight-lipped savant? The spoiled playboy with a liking for tearing off wings of gilded flies? The near-mystic? The soak?

With a savage turn of the wheel, the car brought me up the raised road that wound into the hill-fort. I was passed

through a double line of guards to a marble bath. Walmer was lying in scented water giving himself a shot of some oriental drug. A nude blonde was being tattooed with a Jackson Pollock design. On the other side of a gold lamé curtain somebody was playing castanets; it sounded like Monteverdi.

Walmer looked up with a saurian air that was new to me. "Hiya, little Greet," he said. "The Marchesa here bet me you wouldn't come. I always win my bets. Be seeing you, some place, some time."

I was not offered even a cup of mint tea! The rottenness that lay under Walmer's surface charm was revealed naked and the friendship held nothing more. I turned, shaking off the propelling hand of one of the attendants, a partial eunuch, and headed back home.

The Penalty

URBAN enthusiasts for country air
Are horrified to find the gibbet where
The keeper hangs his vermin. Lost for words
Townsmen ignore the bodies of the birds
Which flocked to feed in an adjacent field
Sprayed with a poison to increase its yield.

Back in the city from their rural rides,
They put their money in insecticides.

— ANTHONY BRODE.

Be BRITISH Abroad

Returning holidaymakers of the more toffee-nosed kind complain that their fellow Britons, now invading Europe on an ever-widening front, behave in Malaga as if they were still in their native Huddersfield, and carry the spirit of Walthamstow's darkest Assisi. But why not? Are we ashamed, or something? This glimpse of the forthcoming *Punch* handbook urges more intensively British behaviour everywhere.

ADMIRATION As a general rule keep this in check. Even if Portofino is all it's cracked up to be there's no need to say so. Display British phlegm by staying in the coach and reading your Agatha Christie. *Phrases:* "Do with a coat of paint, eh, Mother?" "Not all that different from Lytham St. Annes." (But see **EXCURSIONS**, below)

BARGAINING Remember our reputation as a nation of shopkeepers, and be a hard nut to crack. Greeks, Eyeties and the rest are out to twist you, and if you can twist them it makes for valuable conversation with other shrewd Britons in the hotel bar after dinner. When you meet three other men from Wythenshawe with new Japanese transistors bought outside Genoa station, and they've all paid an average of twenty lire more than you did, you've got a topic to last all evening, and if some



eavesdropping local gets the drift of it he'll soon be spreading your fame abroad. *Phrases:* "Imshi." "Na-pooh." "I've seen them half the price in Warrington."

CLIMATE Be critical of this. If it clouds over in your particular corner of the Côte d'Azur, take it up with the hotel manager, demanding an explanation. You've come a thousand miles for the sun, and where is it? If it's still grey after lunch, use threats. Complaints about the heat are equally in order, and in Venice a reference to smells can often be worked in. This line can also lead to joking comment on the bone-idleness of Spaniards, etc., amative tendencies of the Italians, lack of any apparent Shop Hours Act in Casa-

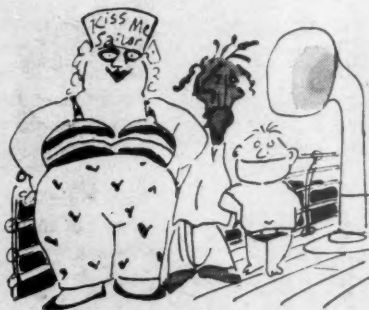
blanca. *Phrases:* "No wonder they're a dozey lot." "Edna's back's peeling something dreadful."

DRESS A comfortable cap and some old cricket trousers, with your blue suit in reserve, will meet most occasions. (This is for males: ladies who wear caps aren't yet taking Continental holidays



in large numbers, though it's bound to come.) If you feel out of it, being the only Englishman in Palma not wearing a gay Spanish shirt, by all means get one; but stick to the rest of your own national costume. By and large, what's good enough for Cricklewood will do for the Balearics. Strips down well on the beaches, and never mind the tales about official prudery. You're paying for the maximum tan, and who do the Spanish think they're fooling, anyway? Wasn't Don Juan one of their lot? *Phrases:* "All right, let them arrest us." "Where's the British Consul?"

EXCURSIONS You'll feel silly if you come back from Greece without seeing at least one excavation, so grin and bear it. It may be a long trip just to see a hole in the ground—and why not



keep saying so?—and you could care less about Agamemnon (say too); but it will pay off back home when you hand round the transparencies of you and the arm-in-arm on the spot where St. Paul preached to the Corinthians. However, see "ADMIRATION", above, counter any talk of construction wonders with references to Stonehenge or the Devil's Causeway, or something. *Phrases:* "How much longer till lunch?" "That caryatid's the spitting image of Lady Barnett."

FOOD AND DRINK Don't touch. Minced squid with goat's milk sauce may be all right for the Yugoslavians, who know no better, but you'll get egg-and-bacon in the end if you insist. It sometimes helps to show your British passport. *Phrase:* "You shire pudding."

GUIDES Many Britons hang weakly the lips of their guides, following them unquestioningly in and out of ruins up and down badly-worn stone steps unsuited to stiletto heels and tight skirts. You are not bound to do so, or even listen to them; indeed, conduct a private conversation about the rate of exchange, or your forthcoming wedding at Ventnor, as one way of asserting your individuality. If more gullible members of the party shush you, take the offensive, mentioning that you have not listened to guides in places as far apart as Tenby and Odessa, and are entitled to entertain yourself in your own way. Guides often mispronounce quite simple English words, however, and are good for a laugh. *Phrases:* "If we'd known you wouldn't have come." "That archway through the archway reminds me of a slab in Holborn town hall."

INDIANS A general term covering those employed on menial tasks in ships, who combine dark complexions with an air of being probably not recently cleaned, costume. They make ghastly atmospheric photographs, but don't expect them to appear flattered by your shutter clicks. They don't realize they have been immortalized in the British snap-studying circles. *Phrases:* "You and Muriel go and stand by the shore."

at darkie. Mind? He'd better not and."

ITY If you want the kind you're used to, you can't beat cruising. Remember that "Bingo" is still called "Housey-Housey" on the high seas. Some of the merriest times may be had at port, by staying aboard when all the stuffed shirts have gone ashore for *le son et lumière*. That's the time to get someone on the lounge piano with a few old British tunes. When you've got the Lambeth Walk really swinging, with impassive stewards bringing the double scotches at one-and-eightpence, and the lights of Piraeus twinkling outside, you're really tasting the delights of foreign travel. *Phrase*: "Once more, together, now."

WLEDGEABILITY Evince this at all times, especially in relation to the locality, unhealthiness, moral instability, low intelligence, social backwardness, humourlessness, etc., of the foreigner, wherever he may be found. Oppishness will thus be checked, and your rightful *amour propre* sustained. *Phrases*: "The Greeks have no motor-industry." "It's all done by bees."

UAGE Speak your own. If they can't understand it, whose loss is that? *Phrase*: "Two beers. Compri?"

UMS Often the coolest spots to sit. *Phrase*: "Yes, found, barring cathedrals."



PAPERS, BRITISH Thanks to the fact that in Europe there are few holiday resorts where these are not readily available, there is no need to break the continuity of your favourite strip or known sporting commentator. Read and carry them ostentatiously as you sprawl on the beach at Scheveningen or swelter in a slab of Pompeian lava. They are a great, warm link with home. Offer them to fellow-Britons with their noses stuck in guide-books to Crete. You will be surprised at the reception. *Phrases*: "See this about another big oil-bag robbery?" "Selwyn Lloyd's again, then."

ARTS These rank with mule-drawn threshing devices as laughable symbols of an undeveloped civilization and should be pointed out with gusts

of mirth from, e.g., excursion-coach windows. If there is a guide with the party you can seize the chance to inform him of superior British methods, if necessary drawing him a picture of a combine harvester. He will usually arrange for the coach to be stopped while photographs are taken of these oddities, or of very old women carrying haystacks on their backs. *Phrases*: "They don't know they're born." "Wait till I tell Stan Barlingham." "What price the Archers."

PHOTOGRAPHY See above, and go for comedy wherever possible. E.g., the Palace Guard in Athens wear *skirts* and are a scream throughout. Have a good laugh, *before* you press the button, otherwise it blurs. If you need a seasoning of serious subjects, remember that a snap of the Parthenon will look just like anybody else's unless it has some of your family in it wearing Evzone hats.

QUEUES Ideal for a quick establishment of your status with fellow-countryman, important if you are not to lose identity. "Our boy's with the Prudential" can be got in quickly to the man behind, and you can escape with your ticket, or whatever it is, before he can tell you that he's the chief accountant to the biggest burglar-alarm manufacturers north of the Humber. His turn will come later, of course, but this is all to the good. Britons without a proper respect for each other can hardly expect to show a solid front of superiority to the natives.

ROME, WHEN IN, ETC. Forget it.

TOBACCO Particularly in cigarette form, this affords an admirable opening for a condescending chat with guides, policemen and other foreign persons. *Phrase*: "I don't know how you smoke that muck. Here, have a real cigarette—they're anglais."

UMBRAGE Take this continually. Once you appear even moderately satisfied with the proffered food, drink or accommodation you are plainly a pigeon for the plucking. Change should be counted aloud, and with the aid of other Englishmen, under the nose of the man who gave it. Even



if it seems to come right, a little shouting and fist-shaking is never amiss. If proved in error, never apologize, but attack the idiotic and misleading character of the coinage. *Phrase*: "Why, you—!"

VATICAN To return home with the news that you have received the Papal blessing is, of course, something. But before rushing after sensationalism ask yourself whether you can afford to be blessed with a Piazzaful of Americans. In any case, you have nothing to show for a blessing. Inside the Vatican City you can probably swop a few cigarettes for some bits of tessellated pavement—they're faking up these old places all the time—and, of course, Bert and Dora will make a lovely snap giggling with one of the Swiss Guards.

WOGS Broadly, anyone naturally resident south of Finistère: usually accompanied by a descriptive adjective. *Phrase*: "Why can't these—make a decent cup of tea?"

XXX A sign you can search for in foreign parts until you drop. Save yourself the trouble. All that's to be got out of buying beer in the backward countries is a chance to put in a plug for the real stuff from Burton-on-Trent. *Phrases*: "All wind and bubbles." "If they sold this at the Black Boy, Nottingham, they'd be out of business in a week."



YOUNGSTERS If you take your children, remember that it's their holiday too, and they've as much right to spread the British Way of Life as you have. Screams of "Look at me, Mum!" from the Mediterranean wavelets are part of the spreading. Any complaints, and your comeback is that at any rate they're not like the French kids, pickled to the eyeballs every night during homework.

ZUYDER ZEE Useful as a reminder that "the fault of the Dutch, is giving too little and asking too much." Apply this, *mutatis mutandis*, if your Latin's up to it, to every country you touch, and you'll come home with the full confidence of a Briton who has shown Europe where it gets off, and no error.

The Years with Kinross

Second Decade in the Life of a Peer



2 — Schooldays

WHEN first I went to a private school, vomiting in the train between Edinburgh and London as I was to do six times a year for the next ten years, I wrote home to my mother, "Darling Mum. I love school." This was a lie, echoing the exact words, in his first letter home, of some neighbour's boy who had been held up to me as an example of what boys should be.

In fact I hated school, and continued to do so throughout the decade, being inept, in my preoccupation with myself, at adapting myself to the ways of others, and moreover blind, despite a certain aptitude for my books, to what education was meant to be for. I neither retained knowledge nor acquired the capacity for thought. Though I came to graduate in history, I learned no history until some ten years afterwards, when I began to travel and had to pretend to a certain historical knowledge of places in order to write about them.

My only asset, meanwhile, was a talent for playing female parts in the Shakespeare plays which we acted each year, sticking faithfully to the plots but substituting our own words for Shakespeare's. In everyday activities my school-fellows soon discovered that I had not yet learned to control my temper, and this led them to the invention of a sport known as "Balfour baiting" (for my name at this time was Balfour, a name which, during my subsequent travels, made me unpopular both with the Arabs, who thought I had offered Palestine to the Jews, and with the Jews, who knew I hadn't.)

Now, flying into a rage at some taunt, usually aimed at my personal appearance, I would wave my arms at my baiters

and cry as I fled from them, pursued through the classrooms and over the playing-fields with shouts of derision and an occasional missile, until some master, after contemplating the game for a while with apparent amusement, would intervene to stop it. It was one of these masters who first revealed to me the "facts of life," expressing himself in so ambiguous—and, as I afterwards discovered, inaccurate—a fashion that I remained for some years covered with guilt and confusion.

In due course I went on to Winchester, sitting for a scholarship in the company of a boy who was to become British Ambassador in Washington, and failing, as he did not, to win one. At this school, as befitted a more adult institution, the "baits" assumed a more ceremonial and punitive form. Minorities, in this enlightened totalitarian community, were discouraged, and the boys comprising them, of whom I remained obstinately one, were at regular intervals beaten by the older and more orthodox boys with ground-ash canes, cut from the hedgerows by the banks of the gently meandering Itchen.

After my first few terms here, the headmaster of my private school—an Anglican with fanatical eyes whose ideal woman was the mother of several boys in his school, Lady Astor—wrote a letter, later published in his memoirs, to a fellow headmaster, in which he remarked of me "I know he gets a rotten time because of his title." This was quite untrue. The title had nothing to do with it: only my incompetence at the menial tasks I was obliged to perform for older boys, and my total incapacity for games.

I was frightened by football and bored by cricket, by the long summer afternoons devoted aimlessly to making no runs, taking no wickets and fielding no balls in a game which was known as the junior-junior, or "jun-jun." The other players were all several years my junior, and included for a while Mr. Richard Crossman, who seemed, in later years, to make up for this curious waste of time. The only game I slightly enjoyed was golf, to which my father had introduced me, and which, knowing no one who would play with me, I played alone. I liked to pursue the study of nature, but did this also alone, not daring to join the college Natural History Society, for fear of the ridicule which this might bring down upon me—for it was contemptuously known as "Bug Soc."

At home, being scared of horses, I used sometimes to follow a fox-hunt on a bicycle, but I preferred an otter-hunt, which involved only wading, walking, and breaking into an occasional run. After one of these I was presented with the bleeding head of the otter which, stuffed and mounted, became my proudest trophy, proclaiming me to be the sportsman I wasn't. One day, however, when I was at school, my mother gave it away to a furniture remover, and my pretence was dead for ever. A subconscious urge to revive it may have accounted for a poem which I wrote for a school task some years later, and which began with the lines:

*Duck shooting's simply splendid fun
If you've got a decent twelve-bore gun.*

I had never, of course, taken part in a duck-shoot; nor had I ever dared to fire a gun.

For my first two terms at school I had no friends, but during the third term I made one—a new boy who was smaller and seemed even more vulnerable than I was. This

enabled me to treat him, as others treated me, with a lofty disdain and an impatient scorn for his failings. I had however misjudged his character, which, after his first term, developed more strongly than I had bargained for, and his mind, which began to show a shrewd and ruthless trend. These qualities, which afterwards led him to a career as a priest in the Roman Catholic Church, enabled him in the meantime to take his revenge upon me.

The despised minority in my house consisted of some four or five boys, lucky enough to find a friend in a master of artistic and literary tastes, who encouraged them to use his rooms as their own, and lent them books by Bernard Shaw and Aldous Huxley. My new friend at once saw to it that I was excluded from this happy band, and for four years, as I slunk past the master's window at teatime, I was condemned to hear, floating out into the street to the gramophone accompaniment of Ravel and Debussy, snatches of laughter and gay young highbrow talk in which, having done as I would not be done by, I was unable to share. A few years ago I was spending Christmas with some friends in the country when my Brother Tormentor, now attached to a neighbouring priory, dropped in for tea. As fate would have it, however, I was lying in bed from an excess of Christmas food, and he thus found me once more, as in the days gone by, at a pronounced disadvantage.

During these years I moved steadily up the school, passing exams and gaining removes but deriving no evident benefit from what my masters tried to teach me—unlike, in this respect, Mr. Hugh Gaitskell and many others among my juniors. My personal reading was confined to the works of Trollope, Barrie, A. A. Milne but, above all, William J. Locke, a novelist for whom I had the highest admiration, and whom later I had the signal honour of meeting, being privileged actually to spend a night under his roof in the South of France, and even to inspect his wardrobe, which contained suits, shirts and ties by the hundred.

I was good enough at French, having learnt it in childhood, but spoke it in class with an English accent for fear of being considered a sissy. Once a year I competed in proper accents for a prize for a French recitation, but this was always won either by a Frenchman or by Mr. Anthony Asquith. I no longer wanted to be a philanthropist, but had no alternative career in mind, unlike a boy in my house who wanted to be, and became before he was fifty, Lord Mayor of London, and another who later turned out to be Sir Kenneth Clark.

But though of no account at school I became at home, as the years went by, a more and more Superior Person.

Next week: The Student Years



On the Advent of Round Numbers

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

THE wife leaves most of the fruits of her shopping spree in the boot of the car, and bustles in to the living-room to find the husband slumped behind a newspaper. She kisses him smartly on the forehead, and then strikes an attitude with arms outstretched and head tilted girlishly to one side. It is one of the stock situations of pictorial comedy.

"Like it?" she says, and there is immense appeal in her voice.

The husband lowers his paper and looks over his glasses at his wife.

"Like what?" he says.

"Oh, darling, are you blind? If you don't like it, please say so."

"Tell me what I'm supposed to admire and I'll admire it," he says.

"My new hat, you dope!"

The husband gives the hat a moment's study.

"How much?" he says.

"Two, nineteen, eleven," she says.

"Isn't it gorgeous?"

"Three pounds," he says . . .

The wife is, of course, desperately anxious to justify money expended on

her own appearance and ready and willing to work in league with manufacturers and shopkeepers to further the deceptive price racket, and the husband, heavy-handed realist and congenital hat-hater, is ever ready to prove his worldly wisdom for the *n*th time though it means shattering his beloved's halo of euphoria. I reproduce the situation in detail because my researches suggest that it may soon have had its day. Something quite remarkable is happening to money prices in our affluent society: the farthing has gone, the halfpenny is going, the penny is on its last legs, and in some strange way "Three Pounds" is beginning to look cheaper than "Two, nineteen, eleven." In the same way £1 looks easier on the purse or pocket than 19/6, £5 is more attractive than 99/6, and in the higher price brackets £700 looks a better proposition than £699 10s.

Let us look at "Bargains By Post," a typical page of Saturday small ads, in a national daily. We can now buy the "Famous Easispray Sprayer" (origin-

ally 49/6) for 20/- flat, a Bungalow Chimney Sweeping Kit for 30/-, an Outboard Motor for £25, a watch for 5/- (Sorry! I see there are also eight monthly payments of 10/-), a Powerful 3-Draw Telescope for only £1, Car Seat Covers from £3, Fully Fashioned Support Stockings for 20/- per pair, Genuine USA New Yorker Jackets at 30/- . . . and so on. Admittedly there are still some bargains priced in the old-fashioned, pre-Macmillan way: there are Genuine USA Officers Sleeping Bags at 39/6, Fawn Drill Trousers at 11/9, "Knife Edge 33-Jewelled Wrist Watches" at £6 19s. 6d., Ornamental Iron Gates for £4 17s. 6d., Floral Housecoats for 14/11, Terry Towelling Shirts at 9/11, and Canvas-top Sunchairs at 69/6. But such items become more and more rare.

"Ten shillings" looks and sounds a more reasonable price than "Nine and Eleven" because there are practical and psychological reasons against a transaction involving the use of a single coin of small denomination as change:

1. Nine shillings and elevenpence is long-winded and circumlocutory whether spoken, written (on cheques), tapped on accounting machines or counted out manually. A sense of unreality overtakes both buyer and seller when one penny is the sole



"Full house."

BLACK MARK . . . No. 12

. . . for the uninventiveness of typewriter manufacturers. It is simple enough to load a gun or change a razor-blade; why should changing a typewriter ribbon be such misery? Why should you have to fiddle and thread and hitch? Why should bits get caught and rucked up? Why should you have to wear rubber gloves or else spend ten minutes using pumice-stone like a cheese-grater? Why, in fact, should there be a ribbon at all? It should be as obsolete as the cat's whisker or the starting-handle.

difference between the selling price and the money proffered: both partners in social and economic crime are aware that the real cost of the transaction in terms of additional labour and inconvenience and time consumed—the counting, registering, picking-up and pocketing—is greater than the marginal purchasing power of the penny in question, and as a result both experience unworthiness and conscious loss of efficiency.

2. Both buyer and seller are aware that the price of the commodity is unreal and shabby: the seller knows that the buyer knows that the sum demanded is transparently deceptive, and the buyer knows that the seller knows that he knows. Friction in the form of consumer resistance is engendered between the two parties, and this is bad for trade.

3. It used to be true, a Victorian maxim, that to look after the pence meant also looking after the pounds, though they didn't actually put it that way. But no one wants to look after pence that have been created specially for the job of being looked after. To do so is demeaning. Even Samuel Smiles would have been insulted by such overt cajolery.

When I was a boy the rich enjoyed the practice of crossing out the odd shillings and pence on bills submitted by their grocers, butchers and wine merchants and of settling the matter with a cheque made out in pounds only. They couldn't be bothered with the meaningless symbols and ignored them. Well, inflation has made those symbols, the pence anyway, more widely meaningless, and the time has come, I think, to drop them from all bills totalling £3 or more. Last year I settled an extortionate income tax demand with a cheque for an extortionate sum minus eightpence which I crossed out neatly and initialled. By return I received an additional assessment in the sum of eightpence. I wrote pointing out the man-hours of labour and inconvenience which my simple adjustment was intended to save, and for my pains got a sharp note stating that the department had neither the time nor the staff to continue the correspondence.

But it will come. Sooner rather than later all prices and bills will be levelled off to round numbers, and the advantage

of this to a nation as chronically short of mathematicians as Britain is to-day will be beautifully apparent.

But what I really set myself to do in this treatise was to point to yet another example, Mr. Lloyd, of the British exporters' inefficiency. It is most unlikely—virtually impossible according to my calculations—that the deceptive prices charged on the home market will remain deceptive when translated into francs, pesetas, deutsche-marks, lire and so on. Nine times out of ten the conversion results in a figure of utterly useless integrity (\$2.50 or something), and how, I'd like to know, are we British going to sell abroad unless we use all the psychological tricks in the book to overcome the consumer resistance of aliens?

It's a thought anyway.

☆

"IN THE STEPS OF ST. FRANCIS
16 Days by Air 52½ gns."
A Travel Brochure

Strictly for the birds.

Then as Now

Chancellors' solutions to economic crises have changed hardly at all. Nor has the T.U.C.'s response to them.



Employer (whose salary-reducing scheme has been deprecated). "I HOPE, MR. BRIGHT, YOU'RE NOT PRO-T.U.C.?"
The Office Comedian (infusing genial note). "No, NO, SIR—MERELY ANTI-C.U.T."

Heartbeat in Baker Street

By J. E. HINDER

A review of the recently re-issued book on Sherlock Holmes' private life mentions that the detective was never involved with women, assuming that this was due to Conan Doyle's inability to write about passion. That it might also have been due to Holmes's own character is also possible. As a matter of fact, a short story in manuscript form, found in the Baker Street tube some years ago, tends to bear out the hypothesis. It is only fair to say that the orthodox view is that it is a forgery.

"I IMAGINE that the affair of Lord Chalkwater's groom may now be considered closed," remarked Holmes. We were sitting in his room reading the latest editions of the papers which the newsagent had just sent round. In the warm June sunlight Baker Street was quiet save for the occasional sound of a hansom.

"I imagine so, Holmes," I replied. "You certainly astonished the police there!" My friend smiled slightly and fingered his hypodermic syringe. The bell rang.

The lady who was shown in was handsome and distinguished in appearance, well-grown and smartly attired in a green walking-dress and bonnet. "My name is Robinson," she began. "Be seated, dear lady," said Holmes. "You must be fatigued. It is a long drive from Peckham by four-wheeler." "However did you know . . .?" she began in astonishment. "I note that your boots are caked with the Jurassic clay of that salubrious region," replied the detective, smiling, "and that adhering to your dress is a characteristic piece of Rexine only to be found in four-wheelers."

"May I speak to you alone, Mr. Holmes?" she asked, glancing at me. "Have no fear," replied Holmes, "Dr. Watson is discretion itself." "But this is a very personal matter," she cried and I fancied that I detected a faint flush on her aquiline features. "Indeed?" said my friend, "and what can there be of a personal nature between a recluse such as I and a lady widowed these five



months with two children and a dependent mother?"

Pausing only to register amazement at Holmes' uncanny powers of inference the lady cried: "I love you, Mr. Holmes! I have loved you since I read of you in the *Affair of the Speckled Band*!"

I must confess that I experienced no little embarrassment at these wild words but Holmes seemed to be no whit incommoded. "I fancied as much," he said. "I have observed that in affairs of the heart, a characteristic twitching occurs around the left nostril, combined with a certain agitation of the digits." "Marry me, Mr. Holmes . . . Sherlock!" the impassioned creature cried, flinging herself at him as if to offer an embrace.

"My dear Mrs. Robinson," said Holmes with every appearance of good humour, "I fear that if you delay here longer you will be late for your appointment with Madame Celeste, the dressmaker of Gerrard Street, with whom, if I mistake not, you have business at a quarter after three." "How . . . ?" gasped the love-sick female. "Your appointment-card has fallen from your reticule," smiled Holmes, retrieving the pasteboard. "Shall I leave, Holmes?" I inquired. "Certainly not, Watson," he replied. "Mrs. Robinson will herself be leaving us very soon." "Not without you, Sherlock Holmes," she cried. "Fly with me to Peckham! I am a woman of

ample means. My late husband . . . " "A partner in Robinson, McGiminy and Falsett, stockbrokers," broke in my friend. "An able man. What a pity that arsenic, administered by an unknown hand in the curried lamb, should have proved his undoing!"

"How . . . ?" once again gasped the now desperate woman. "I read it in *The Times* newspaper," said Holmes quietly. "Great Heavens, Sherlock Holmes, is there naught escapes you?" cried she, black eyes flashing . . . "Very little, madam," replied he. "For instance, I would advise you not to use the fourteenth-century Japanese gold-chased dagger, concealed at this moment

in your corsage." "Merciful Providence, Holmes," I exclaimed, but even as I spoke she plunged the very weapon my friend had so minutely described into his bosom.

To my amazement he merely smiled. "I suspected some such assault," he said calmly, "and took the precaution of donning a chain-mail vest this very morning." Speechless, the unhappy woman swept out. Holmes watched her from the window as she entered the four-wheeler. "How curiously they work," he said in a musing tone, "the minds of the opposite sex!"

It was the first time that I had ever heard him use the word.

Pernambuco Wiggins

By PATRICK RYAN

I SPEND most of my life trying to be alone. I should have married Garbo when I had the chance. My ability to dissociate is considerable. It worries my daughter and she devotes her eleven-year-old life to bringing me out.

"How would you like it," she shouts, "if you had a father in a trance? I might as well live in Zombieville."

At breakfast last Saturday her mother was reading aloud from a twenty-four page letter from Australia, herself was talking about the Venerable Bede, the dachshund was seeing visions and Uncle Mac was playing *Children's Favourites* on the wireless. I climbed inside my cloud of unknowing and my only contact with reality was cornflakes. Viewed through half-closed eyes the vitamin-enriched mush looked like the surface of the moon, all crinkled desert and brown Tycho . . .

. . . A spoon hammered my arm.

"I said do you know that boy round here? I've asked you four times already."

"What boy?"

"The one Uncle Mac just played Adam Faith for on his birthday. Don't you ever hear *anything*?"

"Where did he live?"

"I don't know. But it was in our district."

"What was his name?"

"Wiggins," said my daughter decisively. "Pernambuco Wiggins."

I came down to earth like Gagarin.

"Pernambuco Wiggins? Nobody was ever called Pernambuco."

"But that's what Uncle Mac said. You're not calling him a liar?"

"It's not a name. It's a port. In Peru. Nobody ever calls their children after ports."

"What about Adelaide Hall? Adelaide's a port."





"That's different. It was a girl's name before it was a port."

"All right, don't shout at me."

"I wasn't shouting at you. I was just emphasising."

"It was very loud emphasising."

"It has to be to get through to you. You didn't hear Uncle Mac straight, that's all."

"I did. He distinctly said Pernambuco Wiggins who is eleven to-day. I bet you he did."

"Half a crown he didn't."

She paused. My women don't bet lightly with their own money.

"All right," she said. "You're on."

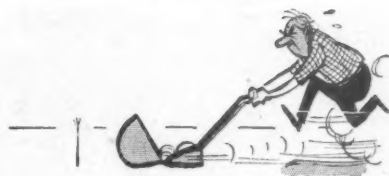
"How are you going to prove it?"

"I don't know. But I heard it. You'll see."

She spent the week-end on the quest. In red chalk letters a foot high she wrote on the pavement outside our house, PERNAMBUCO WIGGINS PLEASE CALL HERE. People kept knocking at the door to ask what the hell it meant. She stood at each corner of the park and yelled, "Yoo-hoo, Pernambuco!" Her little friends ran away in fear that she had gone out of her skull. At street-corners she left postcards directing him to her address. The police came on Sunday night thinking it was the Russians again. When in the house, she chanted eternally a dirge invoking his crazy name, howling on the "buco" like a jilted werewolf.

I slept little that night. Ponchoed Peruvians herded llamas through my dreams and pounded out his appellation. The wheels of the train to work beat out the same rhythmic syllables. The

bank returned all the cheques that morning to my master because I had signed them "Pernambuco Wiggins." If I closed my eyes kidney-spots marshalled themselves into sky-writing of his outlandish title. Asked at a promotion meeting for my recommendation, I announced as my choice for Senior Foreman the wild Peruvian



"Called what?"

"Per-nam-bu-co."

"Don't you talk to me like that. I'll have the police on you. I don't know why they keep letting you West Indians into the country." And she hung up.

The second was a jovial gentleman. I had to repeat my enquiry three times before he got it.

"You been having a few like?" he asked. "If I was you I'd go and have a nice lie down."

I tried the education authorities but a female with pince-nez in her voice told me it was a pity a grown man hadn't something better to do with his time. I found a telephoneless Wiggins in the voters' list and called on my way home. A lady in a cloth-cap was hearth-stoning the doorstep and smoking through a diamanté cigarette-holder.

"Excuse me, madam," I said. "Is little Pernambuco at home?"

She neither raised her cap nor halted her hearthstone.

"Albert!" she shouted. "Geyser out here taking the mickey."

Albert, all bristles and braces, came up from the basement.

boy. By lunchtime my blotter was doodled over with his ornate Latin signature and it was clear that if I did not soon eject him from my brain my job would be going the same way as my reason. Proof either way would certainly exorcise him. So I telephoned the BBC and asked for Uncle Mac.

"Would you put me on to some one who could tell me if he played an Adam Faith record last Saturday for a boy named Pernambuco Wiggins?"

"Who?"

"Pernambuco Wiggins."

"Pull the other one, buster," she said as she rang off.

There were only two Wiggins in the telephone directory. A lady answered my first call.

"Have you a boy in your house, madam, called Pernambuco Wiggins?"

"Good evening," I began. "Pernambuco..."

"I know your game," Albert said. "You're from that Candid Camera lot, ain't you? Making out you're a foreigner lost your way and getting me and my missus up on the telly to be laughed at. I'll teach you to come your tricks round me. Give it to him, Ada!"

As Ada raised the bucket I beat it down the road. I arrived home an hour

late. My daughter was playing ball against the wall.

"Look," I said. "let's get this thing over. I've enquired of the BBC, the council and everybody about that Pernambuco boy. He doesn't exist. So why don't you just admit it?"

She went on mud-pocking my white emulsion.

"He does exist. A girl at school knows him."

"I don't believe it."

She stopped bouncing for dramatic effect.

"Perry," she called. "Come and meet my father."

From behind the evergreens came a sallow, spectacled boy.

"Pleased to meet you," he said.

"Perry who?" I asked.

"Perry Wiggins. My full name's Pernambuco but they call me Perry for short."

I touched him. He was real. It was all over. My brain was my own again.

"It's good to meet you, Perry. But

just how did you come by that name?"

He cleared his throat ceremonially.

"My parents lived in South America and when we were coming home the ship caught fire and we were saved by another ship called ss *Pernambuco* and so my parents named me after it."

A new man, I made for the front door. My daughter barred my way, palm open.

"Half a crown, please."

I paid up.

"And another thing," she said smugly.

"It's not in Peru. It's in Brazil and they call it Recife nowadays. Come on, Perry."

Hand-in-hand they skeltered down the street and out of sight. He left his cap lying on the doorstep. I picked it up and looked for that wonderful name on the tape inside.

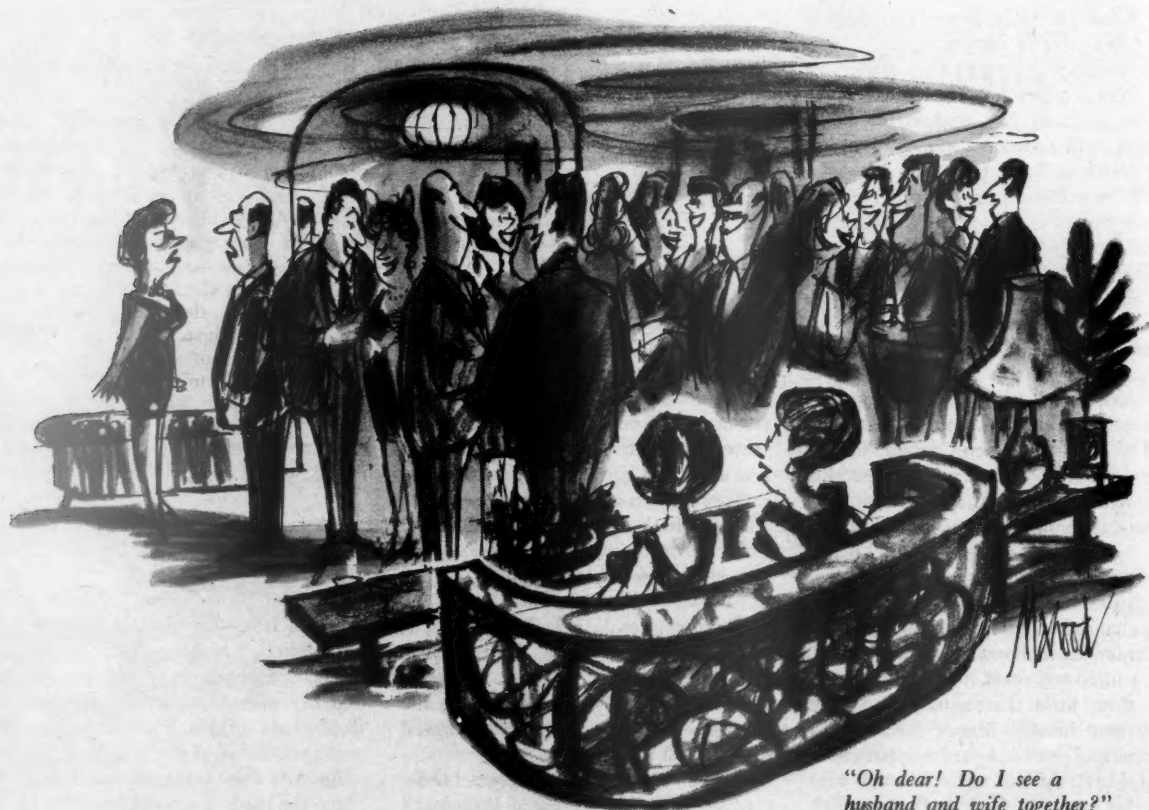
It read George T. Bickerdike.

The dog ran past me carrying my left slipper. My wife came out to say the sink was blocked up again . . . Everybody, just everybody, is against me.

Wish You Were Here

GIBRALTAR

THE ship lies off-rock, and is empty but for the two of us. Everyone else has gone, in crammed tenders, eager for binoculars, transistors and bottles of Scotch at knock-down, dutiless prices; and that's not all. After Barcelona some of them came back on board clutching wallclocks. They say that a big cruise-ship, stopping at Gibraltar for half a day puts £10,000 into the tills of Main Street. But we had all this last time. To-day, until the laden hordes return, we have five hundred deck-chairs to choose from, and there isn't enough breeze to stir the canvas. Far below, some sort of becalmed regatta yaws about indolently. Deck and rail are too hot to touch. On this first day when we have the ship to ourselves, and all the sun-space in the world to lie in, the sun's so fierce that we'd better go inside, and hope not to catch a chill from the air-conditioning.—J.B.B.



"Oh dear! Do I see a husband and wife together?"

Essence of Parliament

LORD JOHN HOPE started the ball rolling at Question Time on Tuesday by informing Mr. Hayman that the Dartmoor Road had not destroyed the Cholwinton Stone Row but had only buried it. Mr. Lloyd's statement seems to have done much the same with the Government's economic policy. The priorities of the performance were peculiar. As Question Time drew towards its end on Tuesday, a cup of cold water was passed up and placed upon the Dispatch Box. After it and at some interval came the Chancellor. He rose to loud Socialist cries of "resign." As he said his piece, Mr. Thorneycroft, sitting along the Front Bench, looked steadily before him as if he had heard something like this before. Sir David Eccles hid his face in his hands. The Prime Minister, sitting next to the Chancellor, gave him from time to time a pat on the back, roughly as it appeared in the proportion of one pat to every three answers. Was this just another tune on the old concertina, pushed in for austerity between elections and to be pulled out again for prosperity when election day came round? Or was it really an answer to our problems? If it was, Mr. Lloyd was hardly happy in his replies to questions. Naturally enough Mr. Wilson cracked away at the contrast between present ministerial language and that used at the election. We were going to pay our way by borrowing, he giped. Mr. Lloyd's reply that the Labour Party had also borrowed at the time of the American Loan really must have been almost a world's record for silliness. Whatever the rights of the American Loan, there is hardly a parallel between the situation immediately after the war when Lease Lend was suddenly withdrawn before we had had time to rearrange our economy and the situation fifteen years later and two years after the Government had won an election on the claim that never had the economy been so buoyant or so balanced. The Chancellor left and only the glass of water remained.

The House had been crowded for the Chancellor's statement. Even the Peer's gallery was overcrowded and for the first time in my memory there was "standing room only" for noble lords. Perhaps they had come to kill two birds with one stone. For a few minutes before, the Earl of Avon had taken his seat in the other House; dressed, it was reported, in robes hired from Moss Bros. and a cap taken down off the rack.

The debate on the Government's economic measures was on Wednesday and Thursday. Mr. Lloyd did not make it very much clearer how the Government's measures were in any way relevant to the crisis. It is not awfully easy to see how it is going to help exports if one refuses to pay teachers more. His main theme seemed to be that the Government had been so decent over the last years when the people had never had it so good that it was only up to the people to be

decent back again to the Government now that they were going to have it bad for a change. Mr. Wilson had a great opportunity and he made use of it. It is of secondary interest to the Socialists whether the succession to Mr. Macmillan can any longer go to Mr. Lloyd. Their interest now is in getting Mr. Macmillan out. At last they smell the scent of battle in the air. So Mr. Wilson, astutely from his point of view, more or less neglected Mr. Lloyd and turned all his batteries on Mr. Macmillan, "MacWonder" had now become "the Sick Man of Europe." Mr. Macmillan sat there writing little notes and passing them to Mr. Thorneycroft and sometimes smiling. The vigour of the Conservative case on this day came from the back benches and Mr. Carr—less outspoken in criticism, if rumour be true, than he had been in the committee room upstairs—outlined competently what ought to have been the Government's long term policies.

Rough-house for the Premier

If Mr. Lloyd had not been convincing at the beginning of Wednesday in explaining how he was going to overcome the crisis, Mr. Barber, the other Government speaker, at the end of Wednesday seemed almost to be denying that there was a crisis to overcome at all. The end of the first day of a two-day debate is always apt to be a bit of a let down. It was left to Sir Edward Boyle on Thursday at opening time to give much the best attempt from the Government Front Bench at an explanation of their policy. He had to wait to do it as Members wondered whether Mr. George Brown, who spoke before him, would ever stop. That is the trouble with Mr. Brown's banging about. It is as near a thing to perpetual motion as has yet been invented and, once begun, there is no reason why it should ever end. After Mr. Brown and Sir Edward the debate dribbled on. There were some quite good speeches but, like those of

Signor Benedick, nobody marked them. Everyone was waiting for the end and to see whether the Socialists would succeed in their grand task of shouting down the Prime Minister and flapping the unflappable. Rumour came down from the Lords that Lord Attlee had kicked it off there, repeating Leo Amery's "in the name of God, go!" Mr. Gaitskell weighed in to the same effect in the Commons and his supporters cheered him, as they had cheered him on Tuesday, as if he were already Prime Minister. It was confessedly and designedly a personal attack on the Prime Minister. These Socialist attacks are for them not only a duty but a pleasure. Mr. Macmillan's air of complacent satisfaction with his own achievement and of undisguised contempt for the Opposition over the years have clearly got under their skin and they are glad of a chance to hit back and to hurt. On the whole Mr. Macmillan rode it. He was white and pale and he clearly did not like it. Nor in the midst of the catcalls of "cheat" and "resign" was there much question of making a coherent speech. Yet he weathered the storm such as it was and the very violence of the Socialist abuse made it quite impossible for any Conservative to fail to support the Government in the lobby. After the voting figures were announced Mr. Macmillan rose and walked out. A tired smile on his lips, a bow to his supporters, cheers from the Conservatives and Hi's and loud cries from the Socialists.

—PERCY SOMERSET



LORD AVON

☆
"OPPOSITION HARRY PRIME MINISTER"

Times headline

Whoever he is, he's welcome.

In the City



They Won't Believe It

THE more Mr. Selwyn Lloyd thrashes himself into the likeness of an austerity Cripps, the less the markets appear to believe the seriousness of his intentions. The rise in Bank rate to 7 per cent was followed by the inevitable further fall in gilt-edged prices but, on the whole, ordinary shares have stood up extraordinarily well to the dose that has just been administered to the British economy.

It is a considerable dose and in due course the Stock Exchange may have second and somewhat grimmer thoughts about the likely consequences of this Midsummer Budget. Apart from the higher Bank rate and the tighter squeeze on bank advances, account should be taken of the effects of the 10 per cent increase in taxes on consumption. The effect of these monetary and fiscal measures on the somewhat bloated domestic economy should be to let out a little wind and to liberate resources which should then be available for exports. Whether the exports will take place depends on how competitive British industry becomes. That in its turn depends on the way in which organized labour and management react to the breath of austerity wind which is about to blow.

For the short term the position of sterling would appear to be safeguarded. The measures introduced by Mr. Lloyd are of the kind that will be understood by the men of Zurich. A 7 per cent Bank rate, a credit squeeze and cuts in Government expenditure is the language they understand.

But what lies beyond? The measures may meet the immediate problems; they do very little to provide the answer to the longer term questions that face the British economy: how to hold its own in an increasingly competitive world.

It would, however, be a mistake to underestimate the severity of what has been done. The increased revenue on which the Government will be able to

count will probably produce the biggest budget surplus in the history of British government finance. This is a solid orthodox basis on which to build that confidence in sterling which is the first requisite for investment in British securities. There is still plenty of money to invest. The large insurance companies and the pension funds are accumulating resources at the rate of about £800 million a year. A great deal of this will continue to be invested in the best equities. This will be so even though profit margins are likely to be somewhat slimmer in the months ahead.

The insurance industry will continue to do well. Firms like Legal and General, Equity and Law, Eagle Star, Royal Exchange, are unlikely to be severely hit by this squeeze.

As for the kind of shares they will favour—Imperial Chemical Industries, Distillers, Courtaulds and the leading machine tool manufacturers such as Alfred Herbert and Craven Brothers—

these will be well worth buying if they fall appreciably below their current prices, as they well may in the harsh months that lie ahead.

While we are dealing with our own particular economic crisis, political clouds are gathering over Berlin. As they become blacker we should see certain interesting changes in investment sentiment and fashions. A great deal of the money which has gone into Continental equities could come back into sterling securities. There would be nothing surprising in a resurgence of South African securities as a haven of refuge for some part of the money that may be frightened away from Central Europe. At their present prices shares like those of the Anglo-American Corporation, Central Mining and Union Corporation discount a good deal of the political risk in Africa and provide some sort of refuge from the combination of monetary and political risks that are still looming up in Europe.

—LOMBARD LANE

* * *

In the Country



Jean Bull

IN the lusty days when cholesterol was sweated out of the system by the sheer hard work of living, Britain's stockmen were so successful in breeding for beef—good, fat, juicy stuff for John Bull—that for more than one hundred years they held a profitable monopoly in the export of breeding stock to the new rearing areas of the world. There was little export trade in dairy cattle of which the predominant breed was the dual-purpose Dairy Shorthorn, and the calf per cow per year which is a by-product of the dairy industry fattened for beef reasonably well.

Dual-purpose cows have now been pushed out by the more specialized dairy breeds—Friesian, Ayrshire, Jersey and Guernsey—with the unfortunate result that most of the calves (except the Friesians) are not a by-product so much as a waste product. Crossing the dams with the British beef breeds has not yet

produced a calf which fattens economically.

The Milk Marketing Board and others sought import licences for French Charolais bulls (you can write Charollais if you like) to see if they would make the by-product more profitable. It is a large white beast with a buxom rump which it has bestowed on its progeny when used in France for crossbreeding.

"*Il ne passeront pas*," growled the entrenched British stockbreeders who thought that their incomparable beef breeds were quite enough for all needs, and that importing French bulls might bring disease and so imperil their export trade.

A Ministry of Agriculture mission has just visited France and selected fifty calves for import into Britain. It is hoped that these will be brought over in the autumn and service from some of the bulls should be available early in the new year.

The townsman, to whom a field full of cows as he flashes past them are symbolic of rural England, may like to know that as the bulls are most likely to be used on Ayrshire cows the offspring will be calves of a new colour, which the committee calls "a distinctive light chestnut." And if he stops to pick buttercups in the field he can comfort himself with the knowledge that the animals are harmless. He will have eaten the male offspring before they could get to the stage of chasing trespassers. —LLEWELYN WILLIAMS

SHADOWS





CRITICISM

AT THE PLAY

The Bishop's Bonfire

(MERMAID THEATRE)

IN Frank Dunlop's production at the Mermaid *The Bishop's Bonfire* seems much better entertainment than it did on its first night in Dublin six years ago. It is still a very shaky play that fails to digest its own symbolism. Starting as broad Irish comedy, it swerves into farce and ends with a stroke of crude melodrama. For good measure there is a statue of a saint whose monitory blasts on the trumpet are audible to some but not to others.

Sean O'Casey is out to mock the narrow puritanism and the clerical tyranny that cramp life in Ireland. The scene is a village dominated by a corrupt businessman and an oily priest, on the eve of the visit of a bishop who

is one of its sons. Both the businessman and the priest are cardboard figures that never come to life: one has improbably been made a Count of the church, and stalks about in a top-hat, although he cannot even order a dinner; the other has become a Monseigneur and between them they represent the establishment that Mr. Casey hates so much.

It must be discouraging for the Irish Tourist Board that nearly all the men of good will in this play are dipsomaniacs, while those officially on the side of the angels are prigs and hypocrites. The village worthies are who making the maximum muddle of the preparations for the bishop do so in a steady alcoholic stupor; and the count's two daughters are hopelessly frustrated, the elder by an implausible vow of chastity she has taken during her lover's brief ambition for the priesthood, the younger by her

PUNCH INDEX

The indexes of *Punch* contributions are now issued separately. The latest, for January to June, 1961, may be obtained free on application to the Circulation Director, PUNCH, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4, 3d. postage please.

Readers who have their copies bound in the standard binding covers need *not* apply. The indexes are supplied with the covers.

failure to galvanise her spineless young man into rebellion against her father. The only oasis of realism in this caricatured village is an unhappy curate who ditches his career by his encouragement of the young to be themselves.

In the end the count's elder daughter, who is a pretty maddening girl, is shot dead by her lover, drunk on the bishop's brandy, with a revolver which her brother has conveniently left about, just as the bonfire of books on the Index has been lit to welcome the bishop. During her death throes she contrives to write a letter, in the best traditions of Victorian melodrama, pointing to suicide. After the play's resolute high jinks this climax has a ring of absurdity.

Although I am strongly in sympathy with Mr. O'Casey about the unhappy state of Ireland, I think his play is too confused and artificial to hit any of its targets accurately. But if it misses fire as propaganda, its high jinks are still memorable, and are couched in language whose richness and incandescence carry his authentic hallmark. In this production his village worthies are great fun, and some of their solemn discussions, such as the plan of defence for Eire against a Russian invasion, for which Mr. O'Casey has no hesitation in arresting his whole action, carry the stamp of the happiest lunacy. Godfrey Quigley, wearing a greasy bowler hat and closely resembling Hardy of Laurel and Hardy, is a clown of inspired innocence. Davy Kaye, whom I admired so much in *Belle*, covers himself in glory as a leprechaun man-of-all-work. And Harry Hutchinson, who knows his Irish comedy backwards, gives a wonderful solo turn as an inebriated railway porter. Hugh



DAVID BLAKE KELLY as Councillor Reiligan and DAVY KAYE as Codger Slechaun in *The Bishop's Bonfire*.

Sullivan is good as the young priest who understands Ireland's plight, and the lovers are played well enough.

With all its evident faults, this is certainly a play to see.

—ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Whistle Down the Wind
A Cold Wind in August

OF course children, skilfully directed in a perceptively-written script, are a safe bet anyway; but there is much more in *Whistle Down the Wind* (Director: Bryan Forbes) than the obvious appeal of children, even when one of them is the brilliant youngster Hayley Mills. It is in fact one of the most attractive features of this piece that she, although she is a dominating figure in the story, is not artificially made the centre of it, as too often happens with a child star. She appears as Kathy, the eldest of three children on a farm in the North of England, and we can believe in her as simply one—even though one of the most important—of the credible and interesting characters in a film that offers quite a gallery of others.

It's arguable that the story (from a novel by Mary Hayley Bell, the star's mother) is in essentials rather too contrived, conforms too neatly to a pattern. But the charm of the film doesn't depend on the design of the story: this is one of the—in my view, very frequent—occasions when an outline of "what happens" would be not merely unhelpful but actively misleading. The point here, above everything else, is that quality for which there is no word but atmosphere. This is often quite admirably conveyed, and so is character, from the impatient irritable aunt (Elsie Wagstaff) to Kathy's candid, no-nonsense six-year-old brother Charles (Alan Barnes).

The basis of the story is that—partly as a result of accidental circumstances that put them into a particularly receptive mood—the children believe, in a quite matter-of-fact way, that a man they find hiding in their barn is Christ. They have been told that Christ will return, and why shouldn't this be the occasion? They try to keep it a secret, sure that if they don't people will "come and take him away like last time." But in fact the man is a murderer on the run, and at last he is found and taken away. There are, if one looks for them, various allegorical references; but I want to emphasise that the film is thoroughly enjoyable on the surface, as a straightforward story. The script (Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall) and direction perfectly combine atmosphere and character to make the children's life on the isolated farm convincing; in scenes like that of the three crossing the field to the barn when a distant train-whistle is the only sound one can almost breathe the country air,



ALAN BATES as The Man, HAYLEY MILLS as Kathy, ALAN BARNES as Charles, DIANE HOGGATE as Nan in *Whistle Down The Wind*.

and the detail, however simple, is interesting or amusing—for instance, the children's three individual ways of getting through the same gate.

This sort of thing is the strength of the picture, although the balance and tension of the story itself are cunningly adjusted as the climax approaches, so that while we watch what is happening in the barn we are always aware of the progress of the search for the fugitive. The whole thing is an object-lesson in what excellence can result from a story and scene of the utmost simplicity when they get good, imaginative screenwriting and direction.

A Cold Wind in August (Director: Alexander Singer) is a surprise: an "X" film that is really for adults—small-scale, unpretentious, and remarkably good. It hinges on the love-affair of a woman and a seventeen-year-old boy. The equivalent, opposite situation of the middle-aged man and the young girl has been getting more and more popular in films for years, but very seldom indeed have they ventured to touch this one.

The woman, Iris (Lola Albright), is twenty-eight, beautiful, three times married and divorced, and lonely, having her yearly three months off in New York. She is a successful strip-teaser, well known in night-clubs thousands of miles away, but New York is her home and she doesn't perform there; as she says, it's not that she's ashamed, but...

The boy, Vito (Scott Marlowe), is the son of the manager of her apartment building, and they meet when he comes to do some repairs. He is a handsome

youth, Iris is physically attracted and almost unthinkingly seduces him. But before long it is serious, a grand passion: she has never known love like this, and Vito is pleased and proud to be the lover of a real lady, a beautiful "madonna." For a time they are very happy. Then, against her better judgment, she finally agrees to help her ex-husband by appearing at a New Jersey burlesque house. The boy hears about this, sees the act and is bitterly upset, they have a savage quarrel—and all is over, for although she regrets it and tries to patch things up, the spell is broken: he can never again have the same feelings about her, and at his age there are many distractions anyway. She has lost the love of her life; for him it was just an introductory episode.

Again the scene and the action are absolutely simple and are made interesting by imaginative, perceptive treatment. There is a great deal of excellent detail, and the characters are believably human: particularly good is Joe De Santis as the boy's father, uneasy and anxious to help without offending. And there are subtleties beautifully handled by both actress and director, such as the moment when Vito is jealous of Iris's friendship with an older man, and she almost imperceptibly shows that his jealousy pleases her. Miss Albright is throughout very good indeed, and makes Iris's predicament genuinely moving. The feeling of growth and change conveyed by this piece in a time nearly ten minutes short of average feature length is quite impressive.

—RICHARD MALLETT



IN THE GROOVE

Paeon to Peggy

PEGGY LEE'S singing has attained a fine, light, warm, golden maturity. She has advanced a long way since the first hot aggressiveness of "Why Don't You Do Right?" the Benny Goodman record that sent millions of men off to war wanting to hurry back. For many years she has been the most popular of white jazz singers, the jazziest of pop singers; but now, as she is demonstrating twice nightly at Al Burnett's Pigalle, in Piccadilly, she has risen above her competitors (a word they rarely deserve) in kind as well as degree. She's better than the rest of them at their own games whenever she chooses to play them; but usually she operates on a higher plane: as she performs she shows unmistakable signs of thinking. The sexual promises and laments that express, in simple rhymes, the essential feelings of jazz are rendered by her miraculously fresh. Tin Pan Alley banalities pass through her head and emerge as poetry. She breathes softly into a microphone and you feel that she is breathing into your ear. She even makes the Calcutta congestion of the restaurant quite tolerable; and higher praise than that cannot be imagined.

The Russians recently displayed, in their trade fair at Earls Court, an electronic system for converting musical sounds into corresponding coloured lights. Peggy Lee, to my certain knowledge, has been interested in the relationship between music and colour for at least ten years, and she makes the most elaborate and subtle use of frequently changing coloured spotlights to accentuate the moods and meanings of the words she sings. There may be no scientific basis for her method, only an emotional one, but her voice and a ripple

of harp and a simultaneous flood of pale blue light can have a startling effect on listeners' scalps. She swings "Fever" in a hot-blooded red glow. And when she does "I'm Gonna Go Fishing," her own lyric for music from Duke Ellington's score for *Anatomy of a Murder*, she is harshly lighted with a white spot from directly overhead, and the contrast with the black around her is very dramatic. This was her new number that I liked best. She said afterwards that she was trying to get it released here soon.

Apart from the pleasures of a personal sort of *son et lumière*, Miss Lee's performances have refreshed the memory of the excellent LPs already available in this country. They include the Capitol albums *Latin à la Lee* (T-1290), *Beauty and The Beat!* (T-1219), *I Like Men!* (T-1131), *Things Are Swingin'* (T-1049), *Jump For Joy* (T-979), and her latest release, *All Aglow Again*. If one had to choose only one, it may be suggested that the last of these is perhaps the best balanced sample of her extraordinary range of styles, but I still think that for kicks there's nothing to surpass *Beauty and The Beat!* which she made with George Shearing.

—PATRICK SKENE CATLING

ON THE AIR

A View to a Kill

THOUGH it seems like more, there are only about ten whodunit and thriller programmes in an average week's TV. I don't count Westerns. (Perhaps I should, to judge by the amount of unravelling and explanation which seems to go on in the final three minutes—all I usually see. Has there been a sealed-room Western yet?) Nor do I count *Boyd Q.C.*, which is really only a mildly efficient weepie, and *Family Solicitor* looks like turning out the same way.

It is significant that the couple of antique films I have included in the ten do not look all that old-fashioned, apart

from the women's clothes, and I think this is because most of the supposedly up-to-date programmes are also ten years behind the times. The best crime novels I have read in the last few years have a sense of background, quite often exotic but even then solid and real, a consciousness of normal life going on all round the main plot, an unslushy respect for the humanity of everyone involved, lightness of touch, and ingenuity kept in its place. Most of these qualities ought to be possible on the TV screen, and the last is vital. But—well, to take an example, there was a recent *No Hiding Place* about a cat-burglar going the rounds of the big country houses with a smart cricket team; it was shot through with an almost appealing idiocy. I found myself saying "Hey, but . . ." at least five times. It is bad enough making the plot depend on the stupidity of the characters involved, without having to rely on the viewer being stupid too.

This is the trouble with *Perry Mason*; the main virtue of Gardner's books is their mechanical complexity. I don't remember noticing a loose end. In the TV series, though, even with fifty minutes' play, wild guesses and monstrous coincidences are needed to whisk some innocent Little Red Riding Hood (goodness, there seem to be a lot of them in Los Angeles) out of the wolfish jaws of justice. *Maigret*, by contrast, usually has so small a plot that there is time to build up quite solid characters and places, though even Rupert Davies's amiable shambler does not seem quite so real, quite such a portent in the mind, as the detective Simonon put in his books. The effect is often like that of a Maugham short story, the point not really being the crime, but the quirk of human behaviour that caused it. And though most of the books on which the series is based were written at least ten years ago, the feel is reasonably modern.

This cannot be said of the standard BBC six-episode serial. Here, at least, there should be room for both complexity and realism, and also for a change of scene from the standard Soho-and-Surrey background for crime. I don't mean Peru or the Gobi Desert, but something like the rich Hove beatnik set of John Sherwood's *The Half Hunter*. Instead, the just-finished *Walk a Crooked Mile* was a typical offering—the unreal world on the fringe of the entertainment industry, shown as consisting mainly of white telephones and too-pretty girls and fast cars and absolutely meaningless motivation. Also far, far too much background music. It ought to be possible for the hero to show, by straightforward acting, that he has had an idea without a sharp chord coming whanging in like a "Thanks!" balloon. Though admittedly, *Maigret* apart, the acting in crime series is seldom up to that.

—PETER DICKINSON

"COVERING PUNCH"

An exhibition of original covers at the Scarborough Art Gallery.

Booking Office



INSIDE CYRIL CONNOLLY

By PHILIP HENGIST

The Unquiet Grave. Cyril Connolly.
Grey Arrow Press, 3/6
Enemies of Promise. Cyril Connolly.
Penguin Books, 3/6

A DISTINGUISHED critic has remarked with limpid fatuousness that *The Unquiet Grave* is "perhaps the most readable bedside book of our time." One imagines Mr. Everyman's hand hovering uncertainly over the small shelf beside the bed-lamp. Past one o'clock and what shall it be? Boswell, Burton, a forgotten Mrs. Christie, *The Diary of a Nobody*? Try Palinurus for a change, as G. S. Fraser recommends...

In the jungles of South America grows a trumpet flower fourteen inches deep, and there too is found a moth with a proboscis of the same length, the one creature able to penetrate to the honey and so ensure the plant's fertilization. I, Palinurus, am such an orchid, growing daily more untempting as I await the Visitor who never comes...

Hm! Turn over.

In the small hours when the acrid stench of existence rises like sewer gas from everything created, the emptiness of life seems more terrible than its misery, "*Inferum deplorata silentia*"...

The Unquiet Grave is not a book to take to bed. It remains, after almost twenty years, a small masterpiece, the portrait of a temperament as original and haunting as any in modern literature.

To read a favourite author in paperback is more than just to re-discover his cadences and tone of mind. One suddenly sees his work in a new dimension; the old eye of personal delight and recognition, the sense in which, stumbling upon the book in a Colombo shop in wartime, one felt suddenly "this is addressed to me", gives way to a new impersonal appraiser, the reader of 2084, one of Stendhal's "Happy Few" who will discover

Palinurus in a world that has changed its whole axis of thought and, most probably, of feeling. To 2084 Palinurus may well appear the end-product of the bourgeois humanities, a spectacle of guilt-ridden pleasures and bland escapist hedonism. But to the happy few, the older souls among the machines, this writer, with his lemurs and quinces, his rain-washed quais and train of choice attendants—Horace, Tibullus, Montaigne, Baudelaire—will be a mythical and bitter-sweet suntrap, the fragment of a lost classical landscape, delightedly recognized even while it is scarcely apprehended.

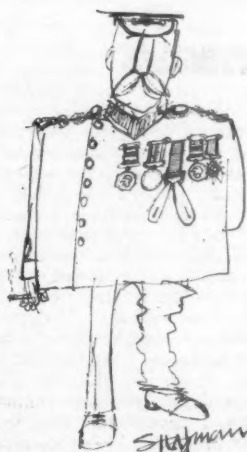
Like all great critics, Mr. Connolly wears a Janus-face. The poet in him stares back continually to the rock pools of childhood, the Virgilian shades of adolescence and the savage coasts of love. From these sunken gardens he draws the nourishment to project his imagination forward and take a hard, obsessive look at the writer's situation. For all his self-accusing sloth and irritation, Connolly, where art is concerned, is a tormented perfectionist. "A good book," he has written, "is the

end-product of an obsession; everything which impedes the growth and final exorcism of this obsession is harmful."

In *Enemies of Promise* he lists and analyses the impediments that afflict the writer—sex, drink, politics, journalism, snobbery and the rest. It is a brilliant and a ruthless book and many a young author, pondering Connolly's catalogue of the shoals and blunders he must avoid, might despair of ever writing anything worthy of such standards. "Our doubt," as the novelist in the Henry James short story exclaimed, "is our passion and our passion is our task. The rest is the madness of art." Reading this book, one sometimes feels that it needs the morale of a Henry James or a great deal of madness to be a writer at all.

The second half of the book is autobiography with a retrospective moral. Connolly tells of his childhood, half-Irish, half-English, swinging between "two standards of living." ("I could not consider myself entirely upper class; yet I was not altogether upper middle... With the upper class I felt awkward, dowdy, introspective and a physical coward. With the middle class I felt critical, impatient and sparkling.") He describes the fierce competitive prep school where he and his friends, George Orwell and Cecil Beaton, were hotted up, "like little Alfa Romeos, for the Brooklands of life." Eton, with its volume of experience, follows, after which, "although to the world I appeared a young man going up to Oxford 'with the ball at his feet' I was, in fact, as promising as the Emperor Tiberius retiring to Capri."

A curious misprint in this edition may be noted. The author is described in the blurb as "Cyril Joseph" instead of "Cyril Vernon Connolly." Since he tells us on page 171 that "nothing infuriates me more than to be treated as an Irishman," there would appear to be some anti-Palinurian gremlin lurking among the Penguin Modern Classics.



ENIGMA IN UNIFORM

Brasshat. A Biography of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson. Basil Collier. Secker and Warburg, 30/-

Mr. Taylor's *Assassination*, which dealt in detail with the murder of Sir Henry Wilson but was primarily concerned with Irish revolutionary politics, was reviewed last month. Mr. Collier has now stepped into the breach with the first biography of Field-Marshal Wilson since General Caldwell's *Life and Diaries*, which appeared in 1927. His aim is to do justice and explain an enigma. Enigma,

Wilson certainly was. As a boy, he failed twice to pass into Woolwich and three times to gain a place at Sandhurst, but he was appointed commandant of the Staff College in 1907; as an officer he managed to avoid regimental service during the whole of his career but, after a short period of service during which he succeeded in losing Vimy Ridge, he was promoted CIGS in 1918.

He has been variously described as an opportunist, an intriguer, a buffoon and, by Lord Esher, as a soldier "whose prescience never failed." Sir John French even remarked "I could never have got through the retreat without you, Henry." Yet the published extracts from Henry's own diaries revealed prejudices so arbitrary and opinions so ludicrously untenable that his reputation was, for what it was worth, shattered. Mr. Collier,

for all his desire to rehabilitate it, seems as baffled as the rest.

—WILLIAM HUGHES

FLOGGING DEAD WARHORSES

The Donkeys. Alan Clark. *Hutchinson*, 25/-

The donkeys in question are the generals of the first world war. "Lions commanded by donkeys" was a judgment made on the British Army by a German in 1915, and Mr. Clark has re-examined the conduct of operations at Neuve Chapelle, Second Ypres, Aubers Ridge and Loos to see how far it was justified. Well fortified with hindsight, he finds the charge proved: French, Haig, Wilson, Robertson, Rawlinson, they were all incompetent, disloyal, untrustworthy and thoroughly asinine. The accusations of intrigue, jealousy and ambition will stick all



right; the question of professional efficiency in the field is more debatable. It is easy enough to see now how badly the new and difficult problems of trench warfare were solved; the question is whether it was at all likely that anyone else could have hit on the right answers at the time. Mr. Clark, who confines himself to blame unalloyed with conjecture, certainly throws no light on the matter.

—B. A. YOUNG

NEW NOVELS

A Holiday by the Sea. Gerald Brenan. *Hamish Hamilton*, 16/-

Told in Winter. Jon Godden. *Chatto and Windus*, 18/-

Mirror and Knife. John Rosenberg. *Hogarth Press*, 18/-

Wand of Noble Wood. Onuora Nzekwu. *Hutchinson*, 16/-

A HOLIDAY BY THE SEA, by Gerald Brenan, is the personal journal of an eccentric bachelor reluctantly spending the summer in a south coast villa with his anxious, frowzy sister (for whom he has an old incestuous love) and his doty communist brother-in-law. He is bored to death yet manages to pass the time by seducing a shop-girl, having a more serious affair with another visitor, execrating the monumental futility of the sea, with its repetitions of waves and banana-skins, and driving his brother-in-law frantic with long philosophic orations. He is a Baudelairean dandy, an unrepentant cynic who delights in outraging the respectable; "a man of leisure too, as well versed in boredom, as deeply tried by the horrors of the empty hours as Odysseus was by Poseidon and multi-raging sea."

This is a fairly mad novel, and I quite see it will not be everyone's cup of tea, but those who like it, as I did, will find it very entertaining. Some of the dialogue is brilliant, and Mr. Brenan sustains its odd, off-beat atmosphere cleverly.

To make a dog a full-weight character in a novel is a dangerous game, but Jon Godden succeeds admirably in *Told in Winter*. This is a simple and beautifully written story about a popular author who retires to his country hideout to work and is interrupted by the uninvited arrival of a young actress who has fallen in love with him. A heavy fall of snow makes it impossible to send her away; the others in a housebound quartet are a faithful batman, loyal but disapproving, and an adoring Alsatian bitch, eaten up by jealousy. With little

room to spare Miss Godden deploys her characters very skilfully to build up an acute dramatic tension, which ends only with the death of the dog and the girl's hysterical departure. Everyone is well drawn, but the dog is marvellously done, without a trace of sentimentality.

Mirror and Knife, by John Rosenberg, is the record of a disastrous marriage, written in the first person by its hopelessly neurotic hero. Having known great happiness with his wife, who is dead, he now loathes the world and sees desolation everywhere; he is endlessly introspective, and equating all emotion with fear, is quite humourless about it. He is as obsessed with changes of light as any post-Impressionist, and, carrying an enlarged death-wish in his luggage, is fond of the word "angst." I found him terribly depressing, and was not surprised when his tiresome little actress, prickly with imagined grievance, was horrid to him. The action moves later to America, but even that stimulating climate does nothing to decrease their bickering. Some may well think this a clever book, but I see it as my duty to hoist a fog-warning.

The stream of indigenous African fiction is only just starting, and promises to be very interesting. **Wand of Noble Wood**, by Onuora Nzekwu, is shaky as a novel but valuable in the idea it conveys of the problems of the educated African who is still tied by custom to a tyrannical family and in spite of being a Christian still feels the pull of his tribal gods. Mr. Nzekwu's dialogue is very solemn and stiff, and heavily sprinkled with trite quotations; for example, the surprising reply of a girl his Nigerian hero has asked to marry him is "It is now I realize the truth of the saying, 'the death that kills a dog never allows it to perceive the odour of faeces.'" But the girl's mysterious death on the eve of her wedding and the prolonged mumbo-jumbo of her funeral are described in fascinating detail.

—ERIC KEOWN

CHEAP MONEY

Operation Bernhard. Anthony Pirie. *Cassell*, 21/-

This book takes its title from the code name for the most wholesale forgery operation in history, the production in a German concentration camp of imitation English currency to a nominal value of hundreds of millions of pounds, mainly in £5 notes. These rapidly became the most favoured medium of exchange throughout much of southern Europe, particularly the Balkans, where they were used not only for general greasing of diplomatic wheels but, ironically, for buying from resistance bands the British arms smuggled in from this country.

This complex story of the laborious manufacture and distribution is noteworthy for its incidental commentaries on the savage jealousies not less than the follies and avarice that pervaded Hitler's various overlapping police systems and introduces a mass of personal detail which the author struggles valiantly to reduce to readable form. In the later stages of the war German political life was in a state of near chaos. That condition is faithfully reflected here.

—C. CONWAY PLUMBE

LITTLE WILLY

The Life of Crown Prince William. Klaus Jonas. Translated from the German by Charles W. Bangert. *Routledge and Kegan Paul*, 32/-

In this biography the author may be said to make the best of a bad job, for the career of the last Crown Prince of Germany was distinguished both by futility and self-indulgence. In World War I "Kaiser Bill" was the bogeyman while "Little Willy" trailing behind

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was something between a jackal and a joke. The customary unhappy relationship between monarchs and their heirs was further complicated by a nervous collapse of the Kaiser in 1908. Professor Jonas considers that this collapse was responsible for the undermining of the Kaiser's judgment and confidence. It was occasioned by the sudden death from a stroke of the Chief of the Royal Prussian Military Cabinet, who was dancing a *pas seul* in female ballet dress in an attempt to rouse his Imperial Master from depression caused by that ruler's political indiscretions. This brief period of "substitution" was the nearest that the Crown Prince ever came to ruling. His ordinary official appearances were often fiascos because he had no capacity for holding his tongue and could not resist chasing any woman who caught his fancy.

His nature appears not to have been evil, but he was easily duped and drove the monarchists to despair by hoping for a Nazi-supported Hohenzollern restoration.

—VIOLET POWELL

MR. EUROPE AT HOME

Mr. Europe. A Political Biography of Paul Henri Spaak. J. H. Huizinga. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 25/-

The trouble about this book is that it is hardly about Mr. Europe at all. It is only since the war that M. Spaak has taken any interest in European affairs and only because of his interest that he is of importance to us. His career there is not yet ended, and it is perhaps a mistake to attempt to write about what is only half finished. Anyway M. Huizinga does not attempt to write about it. There is only one short and very scrappy chapter at the end about M. Spaak as a European. The rest is entirely about his not very edifying and not very interesting career as a very parochial Belgian politician. It is not much of a story. M. Spaak was in his youth quite frankly after the jobs. He switched with somewhat indecent haste from being left-wing to right-wing when he was offered a job in the coalition Government in 1935, and he had come much too near to negotiating with

Hitler himself for some of the gibes which he threw at Leopold to be very edifying. Belgian politicians to-day complain that he thinks himself too grand to be merely a Belgian. Was it simply that he had made Belgium too hot to hold him, or did he with a wider vision seize an opportunity for greater things? It would be interesting to know but M. Huizinga does not tell us.

—CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

CREDIT BALANCE

A Tagore Reader. Amiya Chakravarty. Macmillan, 45/-. Edited by a former secretary of Tagore's, this 400-page volume forms a comprehensive selection from his writings. It includes letters, short stories, travel, autobiography, drama, poetry and literary criticism. In his eclecticism at least, the celebrated Bengali poet well deserved his title of "the Goethe of the East."

The Railway Policeman. J. R. Whitbread. Harrop, 18/-. Anything about policemen generally interests, and the British Transport Police is a little known force with an exciting history in the nineteenth century and quite an eventful one in the twentieth. A lively study, its many good stories marred by a certain stiffness in the writing.



HARGREAVES

Battle of Bossenden Wood. The Strange Story of Sir William Courtenay. P. G. Rogers. Oxford, 25/-. John Tom, a Cornish lunatic who believed himself to be the rightful Earl of Devon, was the nine-days' wonder of 1838. He harangued the Kentish poor, proclaimed himself the reincarnate Messiah, killed a constable and defied the military. A mixture of Tichborne claimant and Dostoevskyan fool of God, his strange story is admirably told here.



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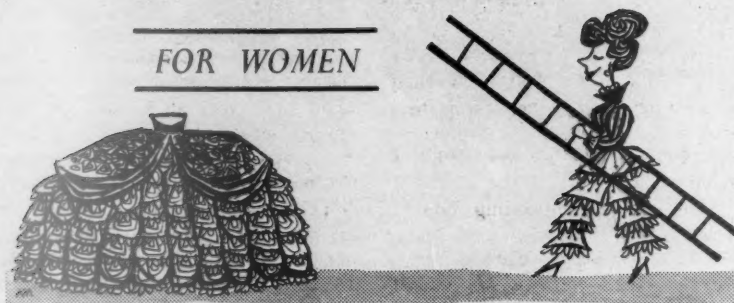
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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE



The Spectacle Barrier

IT'S quite bad enough having to wear glasses, without literary friends quoting Dorothy Parker's famous couplet at you. As far as I am concerned, it would have been infinitely more useful if she had added a footnote on whatever to do with your glasses if her couplet should suddenly be proved wrong. That critical moment when *he* switches the engine off and leans meaningfully towards you is somehow spoilt if the only response he elicits is a muffled voice saying "Mind my specs."

With years of painful experience behind me I can now cope expertly with the problem; but when it first arose I was completely baffled. To complicate matters men become equally baffled when confronted with a romantic situation and a bespectacled girl-friend. I find if I try snatching them off most men leap back as if it were the first manoeuvre in a ju-jitsu contest; on the other hand if I keep them on most men seem taken back by this apparent lack of co-operation and tend to lapse into a nervous silence. On one such occasion, when the silence had attained a curious death-like quality, I shyly laid my head on my escort's shoulder as a gesture of encouragement. The silence was immediately broken by the loud splintering crack of my lens against his fountain pen, while the earpiece lovingly hooked itself into his lapel buttonhole. His struggles to free himself struck me as unnecessarily violent.

There is, I admit, an obvious solution: leave them off altogether. I took this rather grave decision once. Evening came and, being exceptionally

shortsighted, I murmured a tentative "hello" to at least three men before deciding it was safer to wait with downcast eyes until the right one claimed me. "Shall we do a film?" was his greeting. "Lovely," I said faintly, realizing I'd have to choose between squinting violently the entire way through, or letting it all bypass me in a blur. No such inhibitions worried him. We'd hardly sat down before he produced a large hornrimmed pair of spectacles. He wore them all the way through, intervals included, even keeping them on to see me to my bus. I saw my frustrated and failing eyes reflected in them when I waved goodbye.

When I was resolutely borne off to the films again by the same man, I admitted defeat and wore them. Some-

what uneasily I found myself being steered into the back row, but relaxed as he donned his own horn-rims. Too late I saw him turn purposefully towards me, and felt our glasses crash in a preliminary gladiatorial encounter. We remained motionless and apparently inextricably entangled for longer than I care to remember, and later left by separate exits.

Glasses do have one advantage, however; they can be used as a splendid defence weapon. This particularly applies to the modern spiky kind, which can be guaranteed to leave their mark on any fast-moving Casanova. Unfortunately this advantage is promptly cancelled by another more serious defect, which I was to find out to my cost. I'd gone for a country drive with a city slicker, who lost the minimum of time in turning the ignition off and his magnetic powers on. "Darling," he murmured, "*Darling*." This must be love, I thought hazily. Why else would the world have suddenly become so blurred and bizarre? Simply because, I realized, he was breathing ardently on my glasses—and not a bookie in the country would have taken even money on my chances. I didn't get home till three a.m. and my glasses didn't unmix themselves for at least an hour after.

Other girls may look for wealth or charm in a man: I look for decision. For the man who, faced with the glint of my specs in the moonlight, will stretch out one firm hand and remove them. But until he comes I shall no doubt go on adding to my collection of broken and breathed-upon glasses.

— NINA BRIGDEN

No Grooms in the Bedchamber

IF your husband runs away, why not put your nest-egg into a bed-and-breakfast house? Success can be yours provided you're not handicapped by having first been a Joint Master of Foxhounds, like my godmother's school-friend Kitty. The only *advantage* of a landlady having previous experience in the hunting field is that it enables her to take what is known as a "sporting view" and when Kitty described one of her lodgers as being a "spirited boy,"

she really meant an upper class Ted, barred from all the pubs in Belgravia.

"Kitty needs your money," insisted my godmother as I was leaving my little grey home in the West of Ireland, and because I believed my five guineas a week was all that stood between "Old Kit and the roads of the world," I felt compelled to take a room at the bed-and-breakfast house. Looking back, and without meaning to be unkind, I can't help feeling that Kitty

would have been well advised to take to the roads in the first place.

It was summer, and to begin with all went well. Once or twice I came upon Kitty chatting to herself about cubbing, but it wasn't until the autumn that she began to steal from the house at dawn, breeched and booted for the chase. Breakfast on hunting mornings depended entirely upon a daily woman from Brixton who was prone to dizzy spells on buses and usually ended up forgetting where she was going, and while Kitty hacked blissfully through gossamer-spun rides I witnessed ugly scenes at the bed-and-breakfast house. Bags were packed as a result, and people went off to share flats with chums, leaving their bills unpaid.

"What *am* I going to *do*?" cried Kitty a dozen times a day, until an American friend gave her a copy of a book called *The Successful Dosshousekeeper*.

"Bear with Old Kit," urged my godmother, "I always remember how she used to put the *pack* before herself, in the *old* days."

To a Clothes Moth

HOW is it, moth, soon to be dead,
seeing that, as a babe, you fed
on the lush land of shirt,
the broad meadows of skirt,
browsed unmolested
on tweed, and digested
fair yardage of wool:
that you, being full
of the fruits of the loom,
fly to your doom
(into the death trap
of a handclap)
wings paper thin
on a straw pin?

Substance you have not,
shadow you have not,
your great lust
leaves but a gold dust
in the air:
and I ask myself where
is the stout weave
of my coat sleeve,
the serrated hole
in my stole?

— VIRGINIA GRAHAM

The last straw came, as far as I was concerned, when I arrived back early from a long weekend, to find a girl in my bed. I fled to the room next door where the upper class Ted or "spirited boy" was singing drunken carols to a tape recorder.

"There's a girl in my bed," I shouted.

"What are you complaining about?" he leered.

"She's screaming," I said.

Kitty appeared on the scene and accused me of not keeping her informed of my movements.

"*The Dosshousekeeper*," she explained, "says that the key to success is to keep the sheets warm and the beds full."

"I'm leaving," I said.

"That's right," said Kitty, "the book says never do business with friends or relations."

I was not very surprised to hear that the bed-and-breakfast house came to a rapid end soon after, and my godmother informed me that poor Kitty was practically on the breadline when the most extraordinary thing happened. Apparently her husband, who had run off with a little girl groom, had most unexpectedly come running back again, and next season he and Kitty were to be Joint Masters of the Tiddlingbourne Vale.

"*Such a smart little pack*," cried my godmother over the telephone.

In all fairness I had to agree with her that it was most satisfactory for all concerned.

— HENRY McDOWELL



"Is this true?"



TOBY COMPETITIONS

No. 177—This Promising Author

WRITE a review of a book which has not been written but which you wish you had the time and inclination to write yourself. Limit 120 words.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, August 9.** Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 177, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 174

(Sober, Punctual)

The objective was to write a testimonial which would not completely blight the chances of an applicant for a job. Schoolmasters and gardeners were the most popular targets. Subtleties were lacking.

The winner is:

D. EALEY

4 HELENA ROAD
RAYLEIGH, ESSEX

Mr. Absalom has been in the sales office of Padshaw Ltd. for one year, during which time he has shown himself unsuited to routine tasks, which appear to cramp his extraordinary talent for long periods of concentrated thought. As we are, unfortunately, losing him, we have not gained the full benefit of what has been no doubt imaginative planning of a long-term nature. With Mr. Absalom's sense of proportion and historical perspective, time-keeping becomes a trifling consideration. I can safely recommend him to any other company.

Following are the runners-up:

Edward Dodgem, who left this school last summer, is an all-rounder rather than a specialist. He sat for seven subjects in the GCE and represented the House in its football teams. I have always found him to be of an experimental frame of mind, an opinion which is borne out by the different characters of the jobs he has chosen to try since leaving school. He is of an amiable

disposition, and has endless enthusiasm for everything in which he is really interested.

B. M. Hersom, 118 Harpenden Road, St. Albans, Herts.

I would not wish the fact that I cannot hope to do justice to all Mr. X's activities in a few words to work to his disadvantage. He has a wide range of interests that I feel every prospective employer should know about, and which only his modesty prevents my dwelling on at some length. It is perhaps sufficient for me to say that his employment in an honourable and remunerative capacity that absorbed all his time and energy would be a source of considerable gratification to many people in senior and responsible positions.

Ian Kelso, 7 Silwood Close, Ascot, Berks.

Mr. Y has peculiar gifts for raising capital from untapped sources by unconventional methods, and this, no doubt, accounts for his remarkably rapid progress from one banking post to another in recent months. In his early days he made some extraordinary recoveries from financial embarrassment, and, although suffering detraction and even ostracism, he retained his resilience and self-confidence unimpaired. A spell at a Government institution gained him further contacts and deeper insight into financial possibilities. If appointed to a post involving the handling of large accounts, Mr. Y could be relied on to make the most of his opportunities.

A. M. Robertson, 28 Wandle Court Gardens, Beddington, Croydon.

I have known Mr. — for what seems many years, but it did not take me long to form the opinion that he should go far. He has the bearing and outlook of a man in a far superior position to the one in which he has hitherto had to squander his peculiar talents. He is, moreover, not one to allow any work to overwhelm him. I am sure he would like me to add that he is confidently to be trusted with the largest sums of money, being as honest as the day is long.

M. Tomkins, Little Rose Cottage, Sleep's Hyde, St. Albans, Hertfordshire.

I cannot recommend Clinker too highly for the post of Gardener Handyman. He has been here since Demobilisation. He is a regular old soldier. Nothing, it seems, is too much trouble. He has wide experience both inside and out. Apart from his work, it is difficult to find fault with him. He owes a great deal to my late husband who was one-time Treasurer of the Horticultural Society. He will be free at the end of next month.

Christabel Deritt, Snaphill, Litlington, Polegate, Sussex.



"Even if we only transmute gold into lead—it's a beginning!"

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boy goes loco

British Railways who use them for shunting not to mention abroad which is called exports and very important for us all as well as US so that's why they're all so busy and I could sit here all day but I think I'll creep away and see if I can drive one



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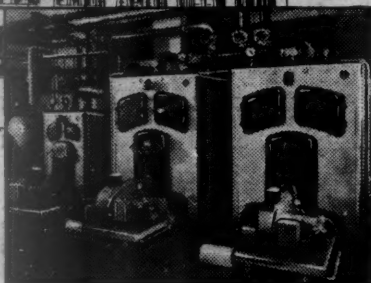
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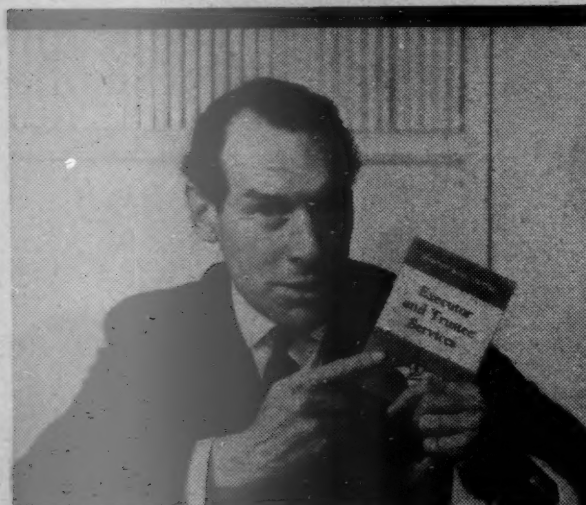
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Painted by John Aldridge

Shell guide to ESSEX



Water in front, corn in the hinterland. That is the pattern of Essex. Cornlands slope very gently to estuaries, sea-walls, saltings, and white weather-boarded mills where the wheat was ground, in this rather secret county of low and lazy coasts shading off into the North Sea. The East Saxons, or "East Seaxe"—hence the name Essex—crossed that sea with their wives and children and cattle and grain some 1,500 years ago. Oil now crosses the sea to Shell Haven. Objects in the foreground tell of more ancient history, of the British, then the Romans at Camulodunum or Colchester. Here are coins (1) of King Cunobelinus or Cymbeline, minted at Camulodunum, which he made the chief city of all Britain in the years before the Roman invasion of A.D. 43. Here, too, is a pig (2) from a child's burial of A.D. 45-50. Also a crystal of sea-salt (3) as symbol of the most ancient industry of Essex, the making of salt by pouring sea-water over hot earthenware bars. This industry of King Cymbeline's era has left curious "Red Hills" or flattish mounds of red (and sometimes greenish) debris on the coastal farm lands, particularly along the Blackwater Estuary. From the new city which the Romans called Colonia Victricensis, came this carving of a sphinx (4). The East Saxons renamed the Roman city "Colneceaster", the "Roman City on the Colne". Even in Roman times the Colne had been famous for oysters. The Silver Oyster (5) in the picture belongs to Colchester Corporation and was made as the official standard of the size the Colne oysters must reach before they are gathered. Nearby are two wild flowers of the Essex saltings, Sea Lavender (6) and Sea Aster (7). Inland the clays of Essex are celebrated for hornbeam trees (8) (pollarded hornbeams are characteristic of Epping Forest, from the glades of which the poet John Clare used to see London "like a shrub among the hills") and for the true Oxlip (9) of woods and copses, which is rather larger and more pallid than the Cowslip. Notice on the right the belvederes (10), which are common above the roofs of some of the older houses along the Essex coast.

The "Shell Guide to Wild Life", a monthly series depicting animals and plants in their natural surroundings, which gave pleasure to so many people, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd at 7/6. The "Shell Guide to Trees" and "Shell Guide to Flowers of the Countryside" are also available at 7/6 each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls. In U.S.A. from Transatlantic Art Inc., Hollywood by the Sea, Florida, at \$2.00.

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